The Outlook

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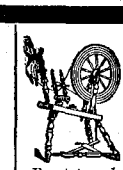

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The Outlook

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The End of the Boer War

The conclusion of peace in South Africa was announced positively in Lord Kitchener's cable despatch from Pretoria on Saturday last. It had been well known in England for a week or more that the Boer delegates in Pretoria had acceded to the terms proposed by the British Government, and the announcement of these terms has been anxiously awaited from day to day. Lord Kitchener's despatch described the peace agreement as "terms of surrender," but it was universally understood that concessions had been made by Great Britain from the demand for unconditional surrender refused a year ago by the Boers. The great desire of the people of England to have peace concluded before the coronation of King Edward VII. had something to do with this; doubtless also the pertinacity and ability shown by the Boer commanders since the time when Lord Roberts declared the war was over have had their effect. As Lord Rosebery said last week, it was not to be assumed that the British Ministry was granting peace to a crushed foe to whom no further attention need be paid. The rejoicing of the people in London on the receipt of Lord Kitchener's cable has been jubilant; church bells were rung, prayers of thanksgiving read in the churches, salutes were fired, flags were generally displayed, and the crowds in the streets sang and cheered heartily. King Edward issued a brief proclamation announcing the cessation of hostilities and expressing his Majesty's hope that "peace may speedily be followed by the restoration of prosperity in his new dominions, and that the feelings necessarily engendered by war will give place to earnest co-operation on the part of his Majesty's South African subjects in promoting the welfare of their common country." On Monday Mr. Balfour announced the actual terms of the peace in the House of Commons. They are, briefly stated, as follows:

The burgher forces lay down their arms, and hand over all their rifles, guns, and ammunition of war in their possession or under their control, and acknowledge Edward VII. as their lawful sovereign.

All prisoners are to be brought back as soon as possible to South Africa, without loss of liberty or property.

No action to be taken against prisoners, except where they are guilty of breaches of the rules of war.

Dutch is to be taught in the schools, if desired by the parents, and used in the courts, if necessary.

Rifles are allowed for protection.

Military occupation is to be withdrawn as soon as possible, and so soon as circumstances permit representative institutions leading up to self-government will be introduced. The question of granting the franchise to natives is deferred.

There is to be no tax on the Transvaal to pay the cost of the war.

The sum of three millions sterling is to be provided for restocking the Boers' farms.

Rebels are liable to trial according to the law of the colony to which they belong. The rank and file will be disfranchised for life. The death penalty will not be inflicted.

Doubtless these brief summaries of the points involved will be followed by a fuller exposition; and comment must be reserved until more light is thrown on some of the more important propositions involved. It is clear, however, that the complete sovereignty of Great Britain over the Transvaal and the Orange Free State is admitted by the Boers. Next to this the most important agreement is that for the withdrawal of military occupation and the substitution of self-government as soon as possible. This last is a very flexible phrase, and it is obvious that definitions of what self-government is may be many. Presumably there is a more definite understanding between the British Government and the Boers than is contained in the hopeful but vague phrases quoted. As opportunity permits, the people of the two

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new colonies will, it is to be hoped, gain such a relation to the general Government as has long been held by the French inhabitants of Canada. It has been understood that the point upon which it has been hardest to reach an agreement has been that relating to the Cape Colony rebels. It has been said that the Boers were holding out very strenuously to insure the protection of their adherents and associates in Cape Colony. The last clause of the terms, as quoted above, does not on its face indicate great concessions by the British in this direction, although something is granted in the promise not to inflict the death penalty. Here, again, it is more than likely that, while Great Britain feels the necessity of asserting her right to inflict extreme legal punishment on her rebellious colonial subjects, she will show a merciful disposition. The financial aid extended to the people of the defeated and now non-existent republics to help them restock the devastated country and resume their pursuits is a generous measure.

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The Philippine Bill: What It Is

The long debate of the Philippine Bill was so largely taken up with the general discussion of the whole Philippine question that the public received singularly little information as to what the provisions of the pending measure are. Now that the bill is about to be voted upon, therefore, the restatement of its principal features is particularly necessary to clarify the situation. These features are as follows:

1. To confirm the acts of the Philippine Commission and continue its government until otherwise provided by law.

2. To make the appointment of important officials in the Philippines—the Governor, the Commission, the heads of departments, the Chief Justice, etc.—dependent upon the consent of the Senate to the choice of the President.

3. To take a census, whenever complete peace has been established, in order to inform the President and Congress "concerning the capacity, fitness, and readiness of the people of the Philippine Islands for the establishment and maintenance of a permanent, popular, representative government."

4. To authorize the Commission to acquire Church lands by the right of eminent domain, issuing Philippine bonds in payment.

5. To authorize the leasing of public lands for terms not exceeding ninety-nine years, either to individuals in lots of not more than 160 acres, or to corporations in lots of not more than 5,000 acres; and to provide for the cutting of timber on public lands, and the granting of mining claims under the regulation of the Philippine government.

6. To authorize the granting of franchises, subject to amendment or repeal by the American Congress.

7. To provide for the unlimited coinage of the Mexican dollar now in use in the islands.

The Democratic substitute offered by Senator Rawlins declared the intention of the United States to make the Philippines independent, and provided that within ninety days after the restoration of peace elections should be held for delegates to a Constitutional Convention, which should proceed, after the manner of the Cuban Convention, to establish a government. The Democratic criticisms of the Lodge bill were chiefly for its omission of various guarantees of popular self-government, and last week Senator Lodge amended his bill by incorporating in it the provisions of the "bill of rights" in our own Constitution, excepting only the right to bear arms and to be tried by popular juries. The positive provisions of the new bill most attacked were those relating to the alienation of public lands and franchises. Upon this point Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, who has won the leadership of the anti-imperialist Democrats in the Senate, quoted with approval the following declaration of President Schurman, the head of the first Philippine Commission:

> The Philippines are for the Filipinos. We have no right to vote away their public property and franchises without their joint consent. If the Filipinos, as legislators and administrators, are to join with us in the government of the Archipelego, why should the weightiest and most important business be disposed of before their admittance?

This was, perhaps, the most telling criticism made of the pending bill, and the efforts to amend it have centered largely upon this point. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, last week made a long speech in defense of the policy of the Republican Administration from the beginning. The most important speech of the week, however, was that of Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, who replied to Senator Hoar's speech of the week before, criticised the anti-imperialists for assuming that they alone were devoted to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and asserted that it would yet be recorded of

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this generation that when the Filipinos were ready for independence we offered them the choice between independence and annexation.

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President Roosevelt's Speech

President Roosevelt's address on Memorial Day at the Arlington National Cemetery was an outspoken and fervid defense of the army of the United States against the indiscriminate criticism to which it has been recently subjected. He declared that that army, led by men who gained their experience in the Civil War, is now carrying on "a small but very trying and difficult war," which involves not only the honor of the flag but the triumph of civilization over a chaos of savagery and barbarism. This army is fighting under great difficulties and receiving terrible provocation from a cruel and treacherous foe, and acts of cruelty have been committed in retaliation which are deeply deplored and are not palliated by the fact that for one act of cruelty committed by our soldiers one hundred acts of greater atrocity have been committed by the hostile natives. On this point the President's words are decisive, and must be taken as an integral part of his speech: "Determined and unswerving effort must be made, and is being made, to find out every instance of barbarity on the part of our troops, to punish those guilty of it, and to take, if possible, even stronger measures than have already been taken to minimize or prevent the occurrence of all such instances in the future." The President called attention to the fact that cruelties of a still more terrible type are practiced in this country, and that those who fail to condemn lynchings and yet fill the air with clamor about the cruelties in the Philippines neglect the beam in their own eye, and that there is less justification for general condemnation of our army than lynchings afford for the general condemnation of the communities in which they have taken place. "In each case it is well to condemn the act, and it is well also to avoid including both guilty and innocent in the same sweeping condemnation." These words have been distorted in some quarters as an attack upon the South; but it is only by distortion that any such significance can be read into them.

The Aim in View

The President declared that the war as a whole has been conducted with singular humanity; that the same kind of misrepresentation of the motives and deeds of the army in the Philippines was current during the Civil War, when Grant was called a butcher. With regard to the uses to which military power in the Philippines is being put, the President was equally definite, and his statement respecting the ultimate policy of the Government was in accord with his earlier utterances on this vital matter, and out of accord with those men in his own party who are declaring that wherever the flag goes up it must always remain, without reference to conditions or principles:

> We believe that we can rapidly teach the people of the Philippine Islands not only how to enjoy but how to make good use of their freedom; and with their growing knowledge their growth in self-government shall keep steady pace. When they have thus shown their capacity for real freedom by their power of self-government, then, and not till then, will it be possible to decide whether they are to exist independently of us or be knit to us by ties of common friendship and interest. When that day will come it is not in human wisdom now to foretell. All that we can say with certainty is that it would be put back an immeasurable distance if we should yield to the counsels of unmanly weakness and turn loose the islands, to see our victorious foes butcher with revolting cruelty our betrayed friends, and shed the blood of the most humane, the most enlightened, the most peaceful, the wisest and the best of their own number—for these are the classes who have already learned to welcome our rule.

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National Issues in the State Conventions

In all the State Conventions held last week—the Republican Conventions in Ohio and Kansas and the Democratic Convention in Tennessee—National issues nearly excluded State issues from the platforms adopted. It was the approaching Congressional campaign, rather than the State campaigns, which was everywhere felt to be of paramount importance. In Ohio the distinctive feature of the Convention was the explicit declaration in favor of the permanent retention of the Philippines. This declaration was embodied in Governor Nash's speech as temporary Chairman, in General Grosvenor's speech as permanent Chairman, and finally in the platform itself—the Philippine plank reading: "Our flag is

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in the Philippines, and there it will remain." Next to the Philippine plank, the most important one adopted was that indorsing reciprocity with Cuba, and this plank has peculiar significance because it was substituted for one drafted by Congressman Dick—the Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions—in language satisfactory to the "beet-sugar insurgents" whom he led. In Kansas also the Republican platform was notably explicit in its indorsement of Cuban reciprocity, and, indeed, of general reciprocity, which it declared to be the "handmaid of protection," and not its supplanter as Mr. Carnegie and certain Eastern manufacturers are fearing. In the Kansas Convention enthusiasm for President Roosevelt's leadership both now and in 1904 was the distinguishing sentiment to which everything else was subordinated. In the Tennessee Democratic Convention the Philippine question received apparently more consideration than either the tariff or the trusts. In Tennessee, as in most of the States further South, an influential section of the Democratic party—including several of the most important newspapers—has from the first supported the policy of the Administration in the Philippines; but in the Tennessee Convention, as in the recent South Carolina Convention, the anti-imperialist element was completely in control, and adopted planks generally reaffirming the Kansas City platform, and particularly condemning the increase in the standing army and demanding the restoration of peace by the granting of independence to the Philippines.

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The Coal Strike More Serious

Last week the multiplying rumors of an approaching settlement of the coal strike proved successively baseless, and the fear that the strike would extend to the engineers, firemen, and pumpmen who take care of the mines slowly changed into certainty that this dreaded extension would take place. The Hazleton Convention a month ago authorized the Executive Committee to call out these caretakers if they saw fit, and the Executive Committee a fortnight ago (May 22) issued the order to take effect on Monday, June 2, wherever the mine owners refused to grant these workmen an eight-hour day. The classes covered by the new call, it will be remembered, are on duty 365 days in the year—as against an average of 194 days for other anthracite mine workers in what is called a "good year"—and work ten hours a day one week and fourteen the next, as against a maximum of ten hours for the other mine workers. When their pay is reckoned by the year, they are naturally the best-paid workmen about the mines—receiving generally about seven hundred dollars—and they demand the desired reduction of hours without any reduction of pay, claiming that men doing similar work elsewhere are much better paid than themselves. However, the sentiment in favor of a strike to enforce their demands was far from unanimous, and several hundred engineers and firemen petitioned the Executive Committee of the United Mine Workers to rescind the strike order, on the ground that they were not well organized and that their places could be quickly filled if they went out on strike. Though this request was denied by the Executive Committee, it is expected that many of the engineers and firemen will refuse to obey the strike order. The fact that the strike of these workmen threatens the flooding of many of the mines and the destruction of vast amounts of property makes it certain that the mine owners, in defense of their recognized rights, will fill the places of these strikers at whatever cost may be necessary. Many of the smaller operators have granted the caretakers the eight-hour day demanded, but the railway companies, which control the situation, are generally enlisting armed deputies and bringing in cots, etc., preparatory to quartering non-union strike-breakers. The right of the companies to bring in men who wish to take the strikers' places is one that the State of Pennsylvania is bound to protect, and the strikers will alienate the public sympathy, thus far with them, if they resort to violence to deny this legal right; but the action of the companies in enlisting privately paid guards to protect their property is one which also should alienate public sympathy, for it is almost certain to elicit the violence it ostensibly seeks to put down. The preservation of public order is a public function, and in the present crisis most notably the duty of keeping the peace can be safely intrusted

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only to public authorities whose sole interest is to keep the peace. The arming of special deputies, like the arming of strikers, threatens private warfare.

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Lake Mohonk Arbitration Conference

Former Secretary of State John W. Foster, as presiding officer of the eighth Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration (May 28–30), declared that "the event of greatest moment was the assembling of representatives from all the independent nations of the Americas in the City of Mexico. It is an occasion for congratulation by all the friends of peace when such a body of public men meet together to consider their mutual interests and duties. . . . Through the influence of the delegates from the United States, the Congress was brought to a harmonious agreement to give their adhesion to the Hague Arbitration Convention. Some criticism has been passed upon our Government for not lending its support to the plan of obligatory arbitration, but is hardly well founded in view of the action of the Senate on the Olney-Pauncefote Arbitration Convention, and of the desirability of avoiding a disruption of the Congress and of securing harmonious action. Ten of the nineteen nations represented, however, united in the project of a treaty, to be ratified by their respective governments, providing for the obligatory arbitration of all controversies which, in the judgment of any of the interested nations, do not affect either their independence or national honor, prescribing that in these two exceptions are not to be included controversies concerning diplomatic privileges, limits, rights of navigation, or the validity, fulfillment, and interpretation of treaties. Another important event was the meeting of four of the Presidents of the Central American republics, which resulted in a treaty submitting to arbitration "every difficulty or question which might present itself." The President of Guatemala did not participate in this meeting, but has since given his approval to the convention. A special tribunal is created and rules laid down for its procedure. Mr. Foster expressed it as his opinion that the formal ratification of the convention would quickly follow, and that much of the ill feeling and the frequent wars between these republics would be thereby greatly reduced if not entirely eliminated. He considered the treaty for obligatory arbitration just concluded between Chili and Argentina, the reference in the Danish Islands treaty of all disputed questions to the Hague tribunal, and the reference by the United States and Mexico of the Puis claim to the same tribunal for adjudication, as constituting a notable advance. Mr. Foster closed with a deserved tribute to the late Lord Pauncefote as one of the men who had done most in his day and generation to promote peace and good will between the two great English-speaking nations, a sentiment which was later embodied in a series of special resolutions.

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The Character of the Conference

Not the least interesting and important feature of the Conference was the presence and active participation of a large number of prominent business men. One whole session was occupied by them in arguing for the principles of international arbitration and in suggesting ways and means of interesting the commercial, mercantile, and industrial organizations in behalf of the movement. The speakers at this meeting were John Crosby Brown, of Brown Brothers, who pleaded for the enforcement of the Golden Rule among nations; William F. King, former President of the New York Merchants' Association, who considered reciprocity as making for arbitration; Mahlon N. Kline, of the Philadelphia Trades League; Warner Van Norden, of New York; George Foster Peabody, of Spencer Trask & Co.; Osborn Howes, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, who referred to the denationalization of trade as a potent factor for the peace of the world; and J. Edward Simmons, President of the Fourth National Bank of New York. The testimony of these and other business men during the Conference will go a long way toward demonstrating the thoroughly practical character both of the Mohonk Conference and of the movement which it stands for. As one speaker said, "It would have been impossible to have held a meeting like the session of Thursday evening three years ago, because the business men had not been aroused. Now they are fully abreast of the idealists

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of seven and eight years ago." The platform of the Conference recited the progress of the past year, and called especially upon the business men and the business bodies of the country to lend their influence to the creation of an irresistible public opinion in favor of arbitration. The Conference was the largest in point of numbers thus far held, and its sessions were of high public interest.

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More Disclosures in St. Louis

The first report of the St. Louis Grand Jury upon the municipal corruption in that city was submitted to the court on Saturday of last week, and confirms the most serious charges made respecting the wide ramification of bribery in the conduct of the city's affairs. Indictments are found against eight former officials, including the private secretary of ex-Mayor Ziegenheim, and the ex-Mayor himself is scathingly arraigned for having, when serving as City Collector, deposited city funds in the bank of which he is President and transferred to his own account interest on these deposits to the amount of $13,000. Inasmuch as a possible criminal action is debarred in this case by the statute of limitations, which unfortunately begins to run in three years, the Grand Jury recommends a civil suit to recover the sum lost to the city. With regard to the City Council the report speaks as follows: "Members of the Municipal Assembly have come before our body and brazenly admitted that they sought seats in the Assembly for the money they could make selling their votes, and it is apparent that this spirit has governed for years, and no bill of consequence has passed unless money has been paid to secure favorable action." The investigation is still incomplete and is to be continued by a new Grand Jury impaneled on Monday of this week. Conditions in St. Louis, however, are already shown to be worse than those which a few years ago called forth the activities of the Municipal Voters' League in Chicago, and the times are ripe for the formation of a non-partisan municipal reform body which shall restore the government of St. Louis to the hands of men possessing public confidence in their private morality.

Mr. Kennan in Martinique

The readers of The Outlook have, naturally, read with interest and perhaps some anxiety daily press despatches relating to the safety of The Outlook's special representative in Martinique and St. Vincent, Mr. George Kennan. The fact that on Monday night of last week there was an explosion and eruption from Mont Pelée of considerable violence raised some question as to the safety of the parties which were then exploring the northern part of the island. One of these parties was led by Mr. George Kennan, another by Professor Robert T. Hill. Happily, later reports made it certain that the members of both parties were entirely safe, and both (as we understand it) have now returned to Fort de France. Mr. Kennan and those with him went as far as the village of Morne Rouge and perhaps beyond. A late despatch from Fort de France states that on their return trip they found that a bridge across the road had been carried away by a torrent of hot mud, but they were carried across the obstruction by negroes who took apart the carriages or carts in which they were traveling and conveyed them and the members of the party to the other side of the river of mud. This despatch states positively that all the members of Mr. Kennan's party are well. The Outlook hopes to be able to give its readers soon an account from Mr. Kennan's own pen of the adventures encountered on this expedition, together with a full statement of the condition of the country and of the needs of the people in the vicinity of the devastated region. An account by Fernand Clerc, a landowner of Martinique, who was for part of the time at least with Mr. Kennan, may be quoted on account of its interesting narrative as well as for its personal interest:

Mr. Kennan and his party have been with me. We got around the mountain and reached the new crater, not far from Ajoupa-Bouillon. We discovered that it had broken out at the very head of the river Falaise, and about two hundred yards from the highroad. Our party rode directly to the edge of the crater, as it was then quiescent. We saw that a great slice of the mountain had fallen, leaving exposed a perpendicular cliff. In this cliff were five huge tunnels, which were not smoking. The crater is a great, sloping, oval depression, from which smoke issues, as it does from the great crater, with the exception that here there were few ashes in the smoke. The river Falaise is boil-

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ing hot, and so muddy that one quart of water weighed four pounds. Volcanic stones of the nature of pumice float in this water. Mr. Kennan witnessed the explosion of Monday night, and was much interested in the phenomena. The explosion was accompanied, at intervals, by bright light, which lasted for half an hour at a time. This light was steady, and illuminated the entire mountain top. Professor Hill says he did not see this light. I left Mr. Kennan and his party in good health and in safety. They seemed to be in no hurry to come back to Fort de France.

Throughout the week there have been symptoms of activity, together with explosions, from the two craters of Mont Pelée; and torrents of mud have flowed from the openings in the same general direction taken by the flood of destruction of May 8. While these manifestations have been alarming, they have been far less extensive and dangerous than those of May 8 and May 20, and the cautiously expressed opinion of the scientists that the volcanic action will gradually decrease appears to be justified. Two well-known American scientists have made most interesting and perilous excursions in and about the volcanic mountain itself. Professor Angelo Heilprin on Saturday last, with three guides, actually ascended to the top of the crater on the summit of Mont Pelée. Even while he was there explosions of steam and cinder-laden vapor took place, and he returned completely covered with mud and ashes. Professor Heilprin found that there were three separate vents through which steam issued; that in the center of the crater is a huge cinder cone, while the opening of the crater itself is a crevice five hundred feet long and a hundred and fifty feet wide. Despite the constant danger, he took many measurements and will be able to map out the topographical changes caused by the recent eruptions. One interesting observation showed that the new crater at the river Falaise acted in precise unison with the crater at the summit. Professor Hill, while he did not make an actual ascent of the mountain, as he reached the vicinity at a time of such activity that further progress was impossible, was nevertheless able to take many photographs and to record many facts of scientific significance. He found indisputable evidence of what he considers an entirely new phenomenon in volcanic history—the explosive oxidation of the gases after they left the crater. This, he says, explains in part the awful catastrophe.

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The Century's Greatest Swindle

Had a novelist of established reputation written the story of the Humbert-Crawford millions, his reputation would have been wrecked by the obvious wildness of his imaginings; yet the story of these millions is true, and its climax to-day convulses Paris more than the terrible tragedy in the French island of Martinique. Over twenty years ago a Toulouse girl of peasant extraction named Thérèse Daurignac announced that by the will of an American millionaire named Robert Henry Crawford—whom she had nursed through a dangerous sickness—she had been made the sole heir to his estate of $20,000,000. The announcement—attested by a copy of the will dated Nice, September 6, 1877—was believed by all circles of society, for even the most learned French economists credit or discredit America with unnumbered multi-millionaries, and Mlle. D'Aurignac, as she now called herself, was at once accepted by the aristocracy, and soon married to M. Humbert, a son of a Cabinet Minister. If any one still questioned the existence or even the extent of the fortune bequeathed her, his doubts were set at rest by the statement that two nephews of Robert Henry Crawford had come from America with another will—likewise dated Nice, September 6, 1877—by which their uncle's millions were bequeathed in three equal shares to themselves and Thérèse Daurignac's younger sister Marie—Thérèse being cut off with an income of $72,000 a year. The nephews announced, however, that it had been their uncle's dying wish that one of them should marry one of the Daurignac sisters, so as to unite the two families, and while they entered suit to have their will recognized as final, they made a friendly agreement by which Thérèse could retain legal custody of the $20,000,000 of securities, provided that she should not open the box containing them until the suit was decided. A French notary, according to his own affidavit, counted the securities and sealed them in a strong box and desposited them in Madame Humbert's safe under the protection of the courts. The estate had thus a new legal standing, and while Madame

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Humbert seemed to be in some danger of being cut off with an annuity—exceeding the interest upon a million dollars—her "indisputable" credit was made greater than this by the fact that her sister Marie always indorsed her notes, and Marie's hand was meanwhile sought by the Crawford nephews. Madame Humbert's notes, "payable after the conclusion of my actions-at-law," were accepted by the banks, including the Bank of France, and finally her borrowings aggregated eleven million dollars. Her social career was one of dazzling splendor. Her husband was a Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and she became a great patroness of art, with wonderful collections in various great estates which she purchased. In the courts she was constantly victorious, but the decisions in her favor were just as constantly appealed, and new suits were started as others were settled. If creditors became at any time doubtful of her success, her sister was then about to marry one of the Crawford nephews. This play was kept up on a national stage for nearly twenty years, when M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the present Premier, acting as the attorney for one of the creditors, publicly pointed out the strange disinclination of the heirs of this great estate to enter into possession, and also the fact that, though everybody was always hearing of the Crawford nephews at the Humberts', nobody in Europe or America, except the Humbert intimates, had ever seen them. Still the play continued, however, with tragic incidents multiplying as creditor after creditor to the number of ten committed suicide in their despair of repayment. The end did not come until the 9th of May, when Madame Humbert's safe was opened by the order of the court—an order asked for by her distinguished attorney to dissipate the suspicion gathering about his clients. Another dramatic scene then ensued—the witnesses pressing forward as securities were unrolled to the aggregate of $1,000. These, an empty jewel-case, a few copper coins, and a brass button, were all the box had ever contained. All France was at once ablaze with excitement, but the Humberts, who two nights before had occupied their costly box at the opera as splendid as ever, had fled the country, and no one knew where they had gone.

A Colonial Premiers' Conference

The Conference of Colonial Premiers to be held in London shortly after the coronation will be unexampled as a political gathering. It will include the Premiers of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Cape Colony, Natal, and Newfoundland, and the discussions will be centered upon the question of closer relations between Great Britain and her self-governing colonies. Just what aspect of those relations will be specially considered remains to be seen; but recent indications point to the commercial aspect. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Barton, the Australian Premier, have already agreed upon this point, and also in declining to discuss closer political relations or the subject of imperial defense. Mr. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand, strongly favors an imperial customs union. Thus far these are the only official colonial opinions elicited. Two other influential utterances, one recently made and the other confidently expected, may draw a line of cleavage which will make the discussions more than ordinarily difficult. Lord Salisbury, in speaking before the Primrose League a few days ago, strongly counseled the different members of the Empire to go slow, avoiding all forcing of natural tendencies; but if Mr. Chamberlain makes, as he doubtless will, an important speech, his advocacy of an imperial customs union, which he laid aside a few years ago as being premature, may strengthen the supporters of that idea and lead to definite proposals which the Premiers may place before their respective countries. On this question the issue is free trade against protection, though there is a cross division made by the fact that in the colonies many free-traders would compromise by advocating free trade within the Empire with protection against the outside world, while many protectionists would lower colonial tariff walls for the privilege of free trade within the Empire. This is where the question stands at present. On one point there is no doubt: the initiative must be taken by the colonies, and if their Premiers could unite upon the outlines of a great commercial scheme, they would be listened to with the greatest attention by the British Government, Parliament, and people, whatever might be the result of the discussion.

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The Alsace-Lorraine Dictatorship

Emperor William visited Alsace Lorraine, or the Reichsland, not long ago, and after receiving a cordial welcome from the people of Metz, abolished the dictatorship over the provinces. The occasion was significant from the fact that Metz is in the midst of a population chiefly of French origin. The loyal feeling of the people is the main cause of the new relation to the imperial government which Alsace-Lorraine will henceforth assume. The dictatorship was the rule of an officer called Lieutenant of the Emperor, who at first had the functions of a military governor, and who was intrusted, as the direct representative of the imperial government, with unusual executive powers. His appointment originally signified that Alsace-Lorraine was of doubtful loyalty and could not be expected to share the honors of a State of the Empire until its full acceptance of German rule, in feeling as well as in outward form, was thoroughly assured. Emperor William told the people at Metz that their loyalty was now unquestioned, and abolished the dictatorship as proof of his sincerity. Just what further privileges will be bestowed is not yet clear, but it is safe to say that the Emperor will do all he can to complete the assimilation of the people to German ways and aspirations. It is interesting to contrast the loyalty of Alsace-Lorraine with the sullen attitude of the Polish provinces of Prussia, where drastic methods of repression are being put into full force.

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Chili and Argentine

A treaty was signed on May 29 between Chili and Argentine by which the two republics agreed not to increase their naval armaments during the next five years, and to submit to arbitration the question of territorial boundaries which has so long estranged them. Argentine also agrees to maintain the status quo in regard to the territory in dispute between Chili and Peru. It is uncertain from the despatches whether the military armaments of the two parties to the treaty are also to be maintained at their present strength for five years, but it would seem that this also is one of the stipulations agreed upon. The importance of the treaty is in its specific recognition of arbitration by powers which had been in irreconcilable hostility for a number of years, and one of which, Chili, had threatened to break up the recent Pan-American Congress at the City of Mexico by disapproving a principle which it now accepts. Though the term is only for five years, yet that is a long time for South American republics to remain at peace, and in this case the treaty concerns not only Chili and Argentine, but also Peru and Bolivia. All of them had been involved in disputes over territory and had been at war, but they are now brought to the test of pacific treaty relations under new conditions. The United States, so the official delegates of the South American Republics to the Pan-American Congress were given to understand, would view with the warmest approval just such a course as this, and would as markedly disapprove a warlike attitude. The force of that approval or disapproval doubtless is increased by the existence of the Monroe Doctrine.

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Benjamin-Constant Henri Gréville

On the same day, May 26, there died in Paris two Parisians, both well known in this country. Jean Joseph Benjamin-Constant gained his widest fame as a portrait-painter. It was during his visit to the United States, where he was engaged in painting the portraits of several wealthy Americans, that his interest in this department of his art was first aroused. In 1899 he was commissioned to paint a portrait of Queen Victoria. In this picture he took the greatest pride. It received the Grand Prix in 1900. His most characteristic work, however, was his figure-painting. His earliest paintings of note, upon which his most permanent fame will probably rest, were Oriental scenes. His interest in the East originated in his sojourn there undertaken when he was attached to the French Embassy in Turkey. In spite of the satisfaction he found in his later years in the interpretation of character through the brush, his greatest success as a painter was his depiction of the tropical warmth and brightness of Oriental life. He was fifty-seven years old at the time of his death.——The other Parisian whose loss to the world of art was announced on May 26 was Mme. Alice Marie Celeste Durand,

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better known by her pen-name, Henri Gréville. Her medium of artistic expression was fiction, and she used it with both skill and simplicity. Although a Frenchwoman—she was born in Paris in 1842—her earliest success was made by her stories in the Russian language, published while she was living with her father, Professor Fleury, in Russia. Many qualities combined to make Madame Durand's work popular. It was readable and entertaining, besides being wholesome in tone. It maintained the purity of the language, for which the French are more jealous than any other people. It also not only found a readier acceptance because of the growth in France of national friendship for Russia, but in turn helped to foster that friendship. Many foreigners have found in her books a pleasant introduction to a knowledge of the language, for her French, though idiomatic, is comparatively easy. Probably her best-known work is the short novel of Russian life called "Dosia."

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The Rev. B. M. Palmer of New Orleans

The death of no American citizen could cause a more profound, widespread, and personal grief throughout the South than the calamitous death, on May 28, of the venerable Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Morgan Palmer, of New Orleans. He died as the result of an injury which he received from a street-car. It is a striking example of the isolation of the South even at the present day that he has been but little known in the North and that Northern papers have given brief, or at best inadequate and obscure, notices of his death. He was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1818. He received a part of his collegiate education at Amherst, where Henry Ward Beecher was one of his college mates. It is a noteworthy coincidence that there was formed at that time a strong personal friendship between these two men, the one destined to be the most eminent clerical defender of the Northern cause in the "irrepressible conflict," the other the most eminent clerical defender of the Confederacy. Dr. Palmer's advocacy of secession was positive and unyielding. His enthusiasm was persuasive and commanding. He became logically the leader in the movement that separated the Southern Presbyterians from their Church and resulted in the formation of the Presbyterian Church in the United States (Southern). Thereafter throughout his life he was recognized as the leader of Southern Presbyterians, not only ecclesiastically but theologically. Indeed, his pre-eminence as a preacher has long been acknowledged by all throughout the South, without regard to denomination. His sermons were characterized, not by the rhetorical fervor usually associated with Southern oratory, but by direct, incisive, logical form and emphatic assertion that drove rather than lured his hearers into conviction. To his theological and political opinions he brought the weapon of a conscience that was Puritan by right of inheritance from his New England ancestors. In theology he was stanchly conservative. He was the impersonation of that spirit which finds in the acceptance of specific doctrines, in efforts directed exclusively to souls of individual men, and in concrete conceptions of spiritual truths the essentials of religion. On the other hand, his interest in almost all phases of life, political, commercial, educational, philanthropic, social, was splendidly youthful and constructive. Intense Southerner as he was, his sympathy with all sane efforts for the uplifting of the blacks of the South was broad and optimistic. Enthusiastic Confederate though he had been, loyalty to the established Union was flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone. In spite of the individualism of his religious and political convictions, he responded spontaneously to the stir of modern social movements in political, moral, and religious life. The reverence in which he was held throughout the South, and especially in the city of New Orleans, was universal. All classes of men, rich and poor, within the Church and without, even men without controlling moral principles, acknowledged feeling the influence of his vigorous and saintly character.

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Excluding American Citizens

Attention was called last week, by a public meeting of protest held in New York, to the fact that Russia discriminates against American Jews by refusing to admit them into Russia. The

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resolutions adopted declare that an inquiry just made by Congress shows that "certain American citizens, including those of American birth and of non-Russian extraction, holding American passports, have been, and are, excluded from such territory solely because of their religious belief." The meeting was held under the auspices of the Israelite Alliance of America, but was addressed by at least one Christian minister, the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, who said:

> Russia is on the defensive in this matter. It was the Czar's invitation that called together the Congress of Peace at The Hague from which resulted that permanent Peace Tribunal which waits in readiness to adjust peaceably disputes between nations. Now he has made ready the tribunal before which he should be called upon to state on what ground he excludes from his country American citizens bearing American passports.

The result of the discussion was a vigorous protest against such unjust and arbitrary discrimination, and a respectful demand upon the Government of the United States to insist that the Russian Government fulfill the obligations of its treaty of 1832 with this country. Other Jewish societies are to take up the work of agitation. It has been suggested that the Russians might in turn raise the question whether the United States will admit Chinese subjects of Russia. However that may be, it is not to be doubted that it is within the bounds of diplomatic action for our Government, after due consideration of the treaty provisions and principles of international law involved, to make representations to Russia asking for equal privileges for all American citizens.

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Relieving the Ghetto

The second Conference of Jewish Charities in the United States, held from May 26 to May 28 in Detroit, covered in its programme nearly every important aspect of modern, progressive charity, showing that the Jewish leaders are fully alive to the best methods in both prevention and relief. But the subject which overtopped all others in interest and importance was the relief of the Ghetto in New York, and the provision to be made for the expected influx of Rumanian Jews. The Rumanian Government has passed a law forbidding certain trades from being followed by foreigners unless the home government of such foreigners permits Rumanians to follow the same trade in the countries in which they are settled. As the Jews are foreigners, and as they have no home government to represent them or to confer reciprocal privileges, the new law will amount to an absolute prohibition of the trades followed by Jews in Rumania. This law goes into effect on the first of June, and the natural result will be another large influx of Jews from Rumania. The question which the Jews of this country have to meet is, Shall they be sentenced to the Ghetto? No people in any city of the world are fighting a braver battle against the moral, physical, and social evils of overcrowding than the Jewish Charities of New York are fighting against the Ghetto. In the space of one square mile in the city of New York are packed 300,000 Jews. It is an enormous task to grapple with the evils resulting from this congestion. Mr. Cyrus Sulzberger, a director of the United Hebrew Charities of New York, presented facts which show the debilitating effect of life in the Ghetto, and the large percentage of those who are compelled to seek relief through sickness after five years' residence in these quarters. Bravely as the Jews of New York are battling with the evils of the slums, they cannot cope with them without the help of their co-religionists throughout the country. Mr. Sulzberger made a most passionate appeal to the Jews of the United States, and Mr. Leo N. Levi and Mr. Bijur powerfully supported him in showing that New York, as a seaboard city, packed now to overflowing in the Ghetto, ought not to be expected to solve a problem which belongs as well to the Jews of the Nation. If New York can carry the financial burden, it cannot carry the hygienic burden, nor can it carry the moral burden. The stream of immigration, according to these enlightened leaders, must be distributed in the other cities throughout the country. The response from the delegates of other cities to this appeal was generous and warm; but it was felt that more perfect organization and active missionary work for the development of public opinion would be necessary in the inland and Western cities, and more freedom in the rules adopted by the Conference concerning transportation,

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if the new influx of immigrants is to be properly distributed or if the congestion of the Ghetto is to be relieved.

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The Baptist Anniversaries

The Baptist National Anniversaries were held in St. Paul, Minn., May 19–27. The attendance was unusually large, and the meetings were important in shaping the denominational policy in missionary methods. The Women's Baptist Home Mission Society celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on May 19 and 20, and reported one of the most successful years in its history, with total receipts for the year of $88,560. The American Baptist Missionary Union held its eighty-eighth annual meeting on May 21–22. The total receipts for the year were $680,518, which were sufficient to meet the appropriations for the year's work and to reduce the debt of 1899 to $35,000. This debt is being raised by individual subscriptions, and will soon be provided for. The Union asks for an increase of $50,000 over the contributions of last year, in order to defray the expenses of sending out a company of twenty-six young men and women who are ready to go as missionaries. One of the most noteworthy addresses was that by Dr. Thomas S. Barber, the Foreign Secretary, who has just returned from a ten months' tour of the mission stations, and spoke upon the topic "Around the World Tour." Dr. Barber made a strong plea for the common people of the Philippine Islands, stating that there are two classes in the islands. "The upper class, Spanish and native, of some 150,000, were trained in the school of Spain, and Spanish ideals are theirs and Spanish duplicity. They profess to be friendly. They take the oath of allegiance, but they work against the government. They are the real insurgents; professing to be friendly, they force the common people, in their ignorance, to engage in this warfare, and in their relations to the common people they betray a spirit of hostility and contempt rivaling and surpassing those of the Spaniards. What is the character of the common people? They are more moral than the upper classes." Dr. Barber stated that the impressions that our American officers and officials gain of the Filipinos come largely from the upper classes, who are prejudiced against the common people, and call them in contempt "cattle." There must, he said, be a reconsideration of the qualifications of suffrage, and more account must be taken of the great mass of the common people. Many missionaries gave addresses, but there was a thrilling scene when Dr. John E. Clough, who has been a missionary to the Telugus over fifty years, was introduced. Dr. Clough received an ovation; but he was so broken by age and sickness and an accident that he was lifted to the platform in an invalid's chair.

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Meetings and Conferences

The American Baptist Publication Society met on May 22 and 23. Mr. Samuel A. Crozer, of Pennsylvania, was re-elected President. The sales in the Publishing Department for the year amounted to $694,785. This shows an increase of $23,822 over the sales of last year. There were hearty cheers when the announcement was made that one man had just made a gift of $40,000 to the missionary work of the Society. The Society is about to publish a new commentary on the Old Testament, under the general editorship of Dr. Albert Hovey, of Newton, Mass. Dr. P. S. Henson, of New York, made a notable address on "The Missionary Work of the Society and its Relations." This address was influential, because some have suggested that the Publication Society should turn over its missionary work to the Home Mission Society. There has been some friction between the societies, and this address did something to clear the atmosphere, and to show that the Publication Society must continue to carry on its missionary work. This Society has six chapel-cars and twenty-six Gospel-wagons, carrying the Gospel to the neglected regions of the great West. The American Baptist Home Mission Society held its seventieth anniversary on May 24–26. General T. J. Morgan read the annual report. The total receipts for the year have been $614,223. The number of missionaries employed was 1,278. The annual missionary sermon was preached on Sunday, May 25, by Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., of Boston. Great interest was awakened by the various meetings

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relating to mission work, and such topics as these were treated by successful home missionaries: "The Danes," "The Norwegians," "The Swedes," "The Foreign Invasion of New England," "Negro Education," "Oklahoma Territory," "The Mormons," "The Northwest." There was a joint conference on Tuesday, May 27. This was an open parliament to consider the much-agitated question of consolidation or co-ordination of the societies. Baptists have been discussing this problem for several years, and some of the denominational papers have recently taken a ballot vote on the questions. A committee of fifteen will be appointed to ascertain all the facts and make recommendations at the annual meeting next year. This committee of fifteen will undoubtedly recommend next year at Buffalo, which has been chosen for the next annual gathering, some changes in method that will bring about a closer co-ordination of the societies.

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America at Play

The Outlook has persistently emphasized rest and play, not as a matter of pleasure, but as a matter of duty, regarding them as integral parts of the gospel of a harmonious, sound, and fruitful life. Twenty-five years ago this country was still in an almost exclusive sense a working country. Every new country must give itself largely to the laying of the bare foundations of life, must concern itself chiefly with meeting promptly present material needs, must employ its first and prime energies into putting a roof over its head, clothes on its back, and getting its food from the unbroken fields. That work rested with peculiar weight upon the American people, because it was beyond all precedent vast and comprehensive. The American estate is the largest which any civilized people has ever been called upon to put into order rapidly. It has been explored, opened up, cultivated, and made fruitful within the briefest possible period. The American Desert existed within the memory of men still in early middle life; it exists no longer. By herculean work the whole continent has been brought into the service of man.

This work has been so pressing and so long-continued that a good many Americans had begun to feel that work was the chief end of life, that "hustling" was a sign of superior civilization, and that the easier ways, the quieter mood, the diffusion of interest in the Old World, were signs of an effete civilization. America, being in the position of a young man who has his way to make in the world, was largely absorbed in laying the foundations of its fortune, while the older world, having accumulated its fortune, was very largely absorbed in turning it into culture and recreation, translating it into the larger terms of life. The American, having now largely made his fortune, is now beginning to discern that the making of a fortune is only the beginning of living, and that the real test of a man comes when he has to translate his fortune into all kinds of opportunity and resource.

America will always be a working country. The gospel of work will not need to be preached here; but the gospel of play will need for a long time to come many voices and vigorous and persuasive exposition. There has come, however, a remarkable change in the attitude of the American towards his work. From being a country of work, America has also become a country of play; not only because Americans have discerned that business is by no means the whole of life, nor the best part of life, but because they have also discovered that when work and play are separated work begins to lose some of its higher qualities, and that, as a matter of business, if you are to get the best out of a man you must keep him in the best possible condition. Accordingly, a majority probably of the leaders of industry in this country, of the men of heaviest financial responsibility, play to-day as ardently, and in most cases as regularly, as they work. Many of them go to the golf field with as much regularity as they go to their desks, and with as much profit. In twenty-five years Americans on a great scale have learned to live out-of-doors, and the multiplication of facilities for play in country clubs, golf clubs, tennis courts, baseball fields, rowing associations, walking clubs, wheeling clubs, and every other form of organization for amusement, for recreation, and for sport, evidences the fact that the people have learned to play, and that, having laid a broad foundation of material

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prosperity under their feet, they are now beginning to take time to enjoy life.

Of course this tendency, like every other tendency, will be carried to excess; but the working tendency has so long been pressed to the limit of utmost excess that it will be a long time before any proper balance is secured. As a race, Americans are so alert, so energetic, and so vital that they may be safely left to follow their instincts in the matter of play. Excess will cure itself. Meanwhile, work in America means less drudgery and more freedom and spontaneity of expression; life here means, in spite of the gigantic growth of business enterprises, less exclusively commercial activity and more inclusively social, intellectual, and moral resource.

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Peace in South Africa

The war which began in South Africa in October, 1899, comes to its end on the eve of the coronation of Edward VII., in June, 1902. Beginning as "a little war," it has involved the despatch to South Africa of the largest army that England has ever had in the field at one time, an immense increase of the English national debt, a heavy loss of life, borne by all classes of society, and a large addition to the burdens of taxation which rest upon the English people.

The sentiment of the world has been curiously divided with regard to the war. Those who admire pluck and audacity, without reference to other qualities, and who believe in independence as an ultimate good, have been sympathetic with the Boers. To the Boers the sympathy of all peoples would naturally have gone if, as their sympathizers have sometimes represented, they had been single-hearted patriots fighting for freedom against a great empire. In an unequal contest public sympathy is very likely to go with the weaker party, and to go with it often upon very irrational grounds. Our own recent war with Spain afforded prime illustration of the ability of the weaker party to secure sympathy even when it is wholly in the wrong. Those who have believed that English rule, wherever established, means security for life and property, freedom of action, good government, good roads, schools, and the development of individual capacity and stimulus to individual action, have been sympathetic with the British.

Unfortunately, British policy in South Africa has not seemed to a large part of the world either disinterested or far-sighted, and many who would naturally have sympathized with the English in the struggle have been repelled by the belief that Mr. Chamberlain was the chief agency in bringing on an unnecessary war, and by profound distrust of his aims and his methods. The issue in South Africa has been, therefore, confused, and from the very beginning the war has seemed to many people not only unnecessary but singularly unhappy in its inception, in the great preponderance of the empire over the little colony, and in many of the circumstances under which it has been waged. That war could have been avoided at the start by a wiser and more considerate policy on the part of the British Government seems highly probable; that war could have been avoided in the end is, in the judgment of many who knew the Boer people, highly improbable. Brave to the point of recklessness the Boers have shown themselves to be, and independence-loving to a degree which has inspired the admiration of the world, but there are many who believe that the alternative would sooner or later have been presented to the world of leaving South Africa exclusively in the hands of the Boers, or bringing the Boers by force to recognize the fact that the modern world is one community, and that no part of it can be shut off from the play of commercial and industrial agencies and forces.

To the British the end of the war is accepted with a profound sense of relief and gratitude. It has never been a popular war, for the English do not love to fight foes so brave and persistent as the Boers; but its great cost and its immense losses have been borne with the quiet fortitude which is one of the great qualities of the English character. The English quickly learned to respect a foe who met them with such superb courage and in many instances with such wonderful skill. It cannot be said that the campaign in South Africa has added materially to the reputation of either Lord Roberts or Lord Kitchener, though it has made them both more conspicuous figures; but in

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De Wet, Joubert, and Cronje the Boers have materially enlarged the company of heroic fighters for independence. The British have fought against great obstacles. They have been many times outwitted, they have been several times disastrously defeated; but they have pressed steadily on, and from the beginning there never has been a moment of doubt with regard to the final issue. At Ladysmith and Mafeking and in many hot skirmishes White and Baden-Powell, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, have sustained the traditions of the British army. Such a foe, after such a fight, deserves and should obtain the most generous treatment. It has been the judgment of The Outlook from the beginning that the establishment of English sovereignty in South Africa would mean greater freedom for the Boers than they had ever enjoyed; for the world at large it means the opening of another door of opportunity, the extension of free government on another continent, and the laying of the foundations of a great society in a wilderness.

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The Great Enigma

A great many people are distraught and some are made hopelessly skeptical because they cannot understand life. But this is no reason for being distraught, no reason for being hopeless, no reason for being skeptical.

Of course we cannot understand life. In the process of evolution no one can understand that stage into which he has yet to be developed. He can understand that out of which he has come, but not that toward which he is going. The bird in the egg cannot understand the bird in the air. The caterpillar in the chrysalis cannot understand the butterfly in the sunshine. The baby cannot understand boyhood, nor the boy youth, nor the youth manhood, nor the man old age. Our life is not only a fragment, but necessarily a fragment, and we cannot understand the fragment without knowledge of the necessarily unknown whole.

This is what Paul means when he says, What I am working out in my life I do not understand. The figure is that of a man standing before a loom. We work at a pattern which we see not. It is ours to put in the thread, God's to determine the result. We are builders under an architect. He knows what the cathedral is to be; we only know where we are to lay a timber or a stone or a carving.

It is not necessary to understand destiny; it is enough to understand duty. It is not necessary to interpret life; it is only necessary to live. If one knows enough to do his daily duty, to live his daily life, he knows enough not to be distraught or hopeless or skeptical.

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Professor George Adam Smith Vindicated

The difficulty of readjusting their intellectual vision to the modern perspective of the Bible, in which some sincerely Christian people seem to be painfully involved, has been recently shown in the case of Professor George Adam Smith, of the Free (Presbyterian) Church College in Glasgow. His published lectures at the Yale Divinity School on "Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament" (reviewed by The Outlook of August 3, 1901) showed such committal to the methods and results of modern criticism as to disturb some of his conservative brethren. Undiscouraged by their failure, some ten years since, in the proceedings instituted on similar grounds against Professor Smith's colleague, the late Professor A. B. Bruce, they came forward with their complaint in the form of a memorial, specifying certain statements in Professor Smith's book as subversive of the faith of the Church and as cause for bringing him to trial. This memorial and Professor Smith's reply to it have been reviewed by the College Committee in an elaborate paper on the merits of the case, favorable in the main to Dr. Smith. The mistake committed twenty years ago in the removal of Professor W. Robertson Smith upon similar grounds from his chair at Aberdeen will evidently never be repeated by Scotch Presbyterians.

The elaborate reply of Dr. Smith may be regarded as pleading the case of many Christian scholars, as well as his own. He respects the anxiety of the memorialists in view of what they call the "revolutionary" character of his book. This character he admits it has, but only in

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regard to its "methods of interpreting Scripture and the origins of Scripture hitherto accepted." The modern methods, he contends, are not only "not subversive of the essential elements of our creed," but rather provide for these "stronger evidence and a more stable foundation." He holds that the new methods are "timely and necessary, in view of the widespread difficulties of belief in the Old Testament under the traditional interpretation, and helpful to the formation of a sound and reasonable faith." Of this he has full assurance, not only in his own experience, but in the testimony of many ministers and laymen, who have found "relief, with new joy and new experience of divine power, in the study and in the preaching of the Old Testament."

But of the memorialists he says what is unhappily true of many, in whom the eagerness of blind prejudice to make out a case against an opponent takes the place of honest effort to understand him fairly. They "carefully ignore the general purpose of the book," as "an essay in relief of faith, and an argument for the main truths of the Church's belief, so far as these truths were developed within the Old Testament." The tearing out by the memorialists of the points selected for attack from the argument for faith to which they are contributory he stigmatizes as "a sin against truth and justice," and complains that they do not deign to look into the evidence on which his argument is based.

Among the points chiefly attacked one has been so brought into recent controversy here that it is worth while to observe Dr. Smith's positions. As specified by the memorialists, they are: (1) That the religion of Israel was polytheistic till the time of the great prophets in the eighth century B.C.; (2) the non-historical character of the first eleven chapters of Genesis; (3) the fanciful and parabolic character of the patriarchal narratives.

The first point Dr. Smith strongly reaffirms, as decisively proved by the Old Testament, and reiterates his argument that the transformation of polytheism into a monotheism unique in the Semitic world is explicable only as the product of divine revelation.

As to the second point, Dr. Smith refers to the story of Babel for evidence that the early narratives of Genesis cannot be treated as real history. Whether Babel be dated, as in the Hebrew, at 2564 B.C., or, as in the Greek version, at 3166 B.C., the fact that the whole earth was not then of one language appears from the inscriptions of much earlier date in several languages which are now in hand. "Till the memorialists meet such evidence," Dr. Smith has "nothing more to say" of that. But he observes that the myths and legends of primitive folk-lore are the intellectual equivalents of later philosophies and theories of the universe, and that "at no time has revelation refused to employ such human conceptions for the investment and conveyance of the higher spiritual truths."

With reference to the patriarchal narratives, Dr. Smith replies that he has been strongly biased toward their historical character, but that it is at present incapable of proof. He can only grant that there are historical elements at the heart of them, and that Abraham, at least, is a historical personage.

Upon the case as presented by the memorialists and by the reply, some further points of which we pass over, the College Committee passes judgment in a carefully and cautiously drawn paper, equally considerate toward both parties. In respect of the fundamental doctrines involved in the case, they find Dr. Smith to be "in full sympathy with the creed of the Church." The manner in which he has presented his views in some passages may be excepted to as not sufficiently considerate of the views he wished to correct. They regret that his mode of treating the patriarchal narratives seems to suggest that their historicity is not of importance. They also think him unduly influenced in his treatment of the historical books by a tendency to assume that the trustworthiness of a record is less, the longer the interval between its composition and the events it records.

But with these concessions to the memorialists the Committee couples a friendly explanation of Dr. Smith's position, as set forth both in his book and his reply, in which they recognize his constructive purpose, and vindicate him from misapprehension. The most significant part of their verdict relates to the attitude

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which the Church should take toward the methods and results of the higher criticism. Dr. Smith, they say, has not gone beyond the conclusions usually drawn by its representatives. "No process could be fairly or even intelligently directed against Dr. Smith which did not challenge that criticism, and did not propose to condemn its essential features. . . . The criticism may have erred, or gone to excess; but . . . if so, it must be dealt with, not by authority, but by the process of discussion." The Church meanwhile may take "an attitude of observation and reserve, neither hindering free discussion, nor committing herself to theories not adequately tested." Criticism has not been conducted by Dr. Smith on naturalistic and unbelieving principles, and "it would be wrong to make him personally responsible for a system of learned opinion which has for years been entertained by scholars of all the churches."

The wisdom that inspires this conclusion was brought by convincing and dear experience. That it will be influential for the peace of the Presbyterian Church beyond the bounds of Scotland may well be believed.

❀

The Spectator

The Spectator had an unusual experience in Westminster Abbey one Sunday evening last August—he actually heard the sermon. Previously, when attending service there, he has chanced to be seated in either the north or the south transept. There, owing to the poor acoustics of the Abbey—the pulpit facing the choir and putting both transepts out of the line of sound—and to the peculiarities of English pronunciation and inflection, the words of the preacher, and even the familiar passages of Scripture as well, were largely inaudible. On one such occasion an Englishman overheard the Spectator complain to a friend as they came out that, except for the music and the impressiveness of the place, it was hardly worth one's while to attend service in the Abbey. With the courtesy the Spectator has always found characteristic, the Englishman interposed to advise that in future the usual entrances be avoided. Passing along behind St. Margaret's Church, he said, there is an inconspicuous door in the rear of the Abbey admitting to the Poet's Corner, from which usually one can work one's way, even in a crowd, to a hearing seat. So successful did this entrance prove in the Spectator's case that he passes the hint along for the benefit of any friends who may be in London this summer. To his surprise, only two other people out of the large numbers bound Abbeyward tried this rear door. Perhaps, he thought, strange echo effects become intelligible with familiarity.

❀

In another respect the service that Sunday evening was unique—the choir was away on a "holiday," as the English say. Only the fine tones of the organ reminded one of the music one expects at the Abbey. There was not even a precentor to lead the congregational singing, which had all the informality of a prayer-meeting. The general hesitancy at the start of each verse of a hymn seemed almost incongruous. But the heartiness of the singing, in which all finally joined, the more from a sense of individual responsibility, had an appropriateness of its own. It emphasized the real place the Abbey fills as peculiarly the people's church. Congregational singing and verbal responses did not seem to fit in with the reputation of the evening's preacher, known principally on this side of the Atlantic for his extreme ritualism. There could not have been a "plainer" service in a Moody and Sankey meeting.

❀

Incidentally the absence of the choir gave the Spectator an honor and an opportunity as unanticipated as appreciated. The usher conducted him into the choir and assigned him a canon's seat next the aisle, just across at very close range being the preacher, in the corresponding canon's seat. This, however, the Spectator did not suspect, taking it for granted in American fashion that a preacher must of course sit near the pulpit. Indeed, the Spectator wondered a little who the clergyman was, and set him down, from a certain unpretentiousness of manner (as if he felt himself of no importance to a service in which he apparently joined only as did the rest of the congregation), as probably a visiting rural rector who

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received his place from courtesy. Imagine, then, the Spectator's surprise when, during the second hymn, a verger approached with his staff to usher into the pulpit the unpretentious stranger, thus disclosing the identity of Canon Gore, the new Bishop of Worcester. Incidentally the Spectator would like to testify how faithful a portrait in pose of head is the medallion of Canon Gore which accompanied Mr. Lane's sketch in a recent issue of The Outlook. Yet, knowing "who it was a picture of," and looking at and interpreting it under the spell of the impression made upon him by Dr. Gore's sermon, the Spectator thinks the medallion reveals the man far more than the man revealed himself, seen simply as a man, observed closely but more or less casually. On the one hand, discernment often fails when not put upon its guard by expectation, and, on the other, personality often depends for recognition upon some distinguishing circumstance.

❀

As the Spectator started by saying, he heard the sermon, and this not merely because he had so good a seat. Canon Gore's elocution—manner of speech—differed in no marked way from that of the cultivated American speaker. It has always been a mystery to the Spectator why in elocution cultivated Englishmen may seem in the pulpit or on the platform to be using different tongues. The same winter, many years ago, he chanced to hear lectures from Tyndall, the scientist, and Froude, the historian. Tyndall was as easy to follow as Froude was difficult. In the ordinary artificial sense of the word, Canon Gore had no elocution, and also no rhetoric. The manner of speech fitted the thing said. In both he was simple and direct. But what he said had charm and intensity. It came straight from the man himself, a message from a spiritual life lived. To hear it the Abbey was thronged that August night, as is every church whose preacher "knows" what he "believes." In it all, preacher and surroundings, there was a curious absence of ritualistic suggestion. The Spectator will attempt no report of the sermon, but he may be permitted to give a point or two. The theme was the story of the Prodigal Son, which was told primarily, the Canon said, not so much for prodigals as for elder brothers. This seemed an interestingly fresh thought—that the concern of Jesus was the attitude of ultra-respectability toward those who return. A like broadness, or unconventionality, in viewing life came out in some of Canon Gore's asides. He touched, for example, on the lack of intimacy between father and son as a common English trait, due in part to shyness and reserve on both sides, but more to a false sense of dignity on the father's part, unfortunately concealing a real affection with its restraining influences on the young man's career. He touched, too, apropos of the Boer war, on English self-sufficiency, its disregard of foreign criticism, as a serious national handicap.

❀

A minor incident of the evening, one that occurred during the prayers, the Spectator will not soon forget, although it might have been anything but a minor incident. The Abbey is one of two churches in England, it is said, still to be lighted by candles. A woman in the stall opposite the Spectator managed, in rising from her knees, to poke the flowers of her hat under the globe and into the candle over her head, setting them instantly on fire. A man in the seat above her, with admirable presence of mind, leaned over and dexterously removed the burning hat, stamping the blaze out before the woman was aware what had happened. A more pathetically ludicrous look of surprise than that on the woman's face is not often encountered. It all passed off so quietly, without one audible cry, that there was not even a ripple of excitement, not the slightest interruption to the service. Apparently most of the people who might have seen the happening did not see it. This was the case with a friend who sat beside the Spectator, and who unkindly insisted that his eyes deceived him until shown a mention of it in Monday's paper. It was a mere mention, too, an inconspicuous news item of a few lines, giving no names. The Spectator noted this as characteristic of English journalism, making a short mental calculation of the headlines, interviews, and space that would have been devoted to a similar incident by some, if not all, of the New York papers.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MARCEAU, NEW YORK

John Mitchell

John Mitchell, the President of the United Mine Workers, who two years ago suddenly won a National reputation by his sagacious conduct of the anthracite coal miners' strike—their first successful strike for a quarter of a century—is, like so many other labor leaders in this country, still a young man. He is thirty-three years of age. He went into the coal-mines as a boy of thirteen. His school education was supplemented by night studies, chiefly upon economic questions, and especially those relating to the organization of labor. He joined the Knights of Labor in 1885, and ten years later, when he was twenty-five years old, he was elected Secretary-Treasurer of a district organization of the United Mine Workers. His subsequent rise in power within the organization was extremely rapid. In 1897 he was elected a National organizer, in 1898 a Vice-President, and in 1899 President. At the beginning of the great strike in 1900 the power of the organization was almost exclusively among the bituminous coal miners of the West, who had gradually won by "collective bargaining" much better terms as to hours, wages, and treatment than were accorded to the anthracite miners of central and eastern Pennsylvania. Among the latter less than ten thousand out of one hundred and forty thousand were connected with the union. The success of the strike, largely due to Mr. Mitchell, was followed by the accession to the union of nearly the whole body of anthracite miners, including the recent immigrants from eastern Europe. At present, therefore, he has supporting him a great organization, but the time of battle is not of his choosing.

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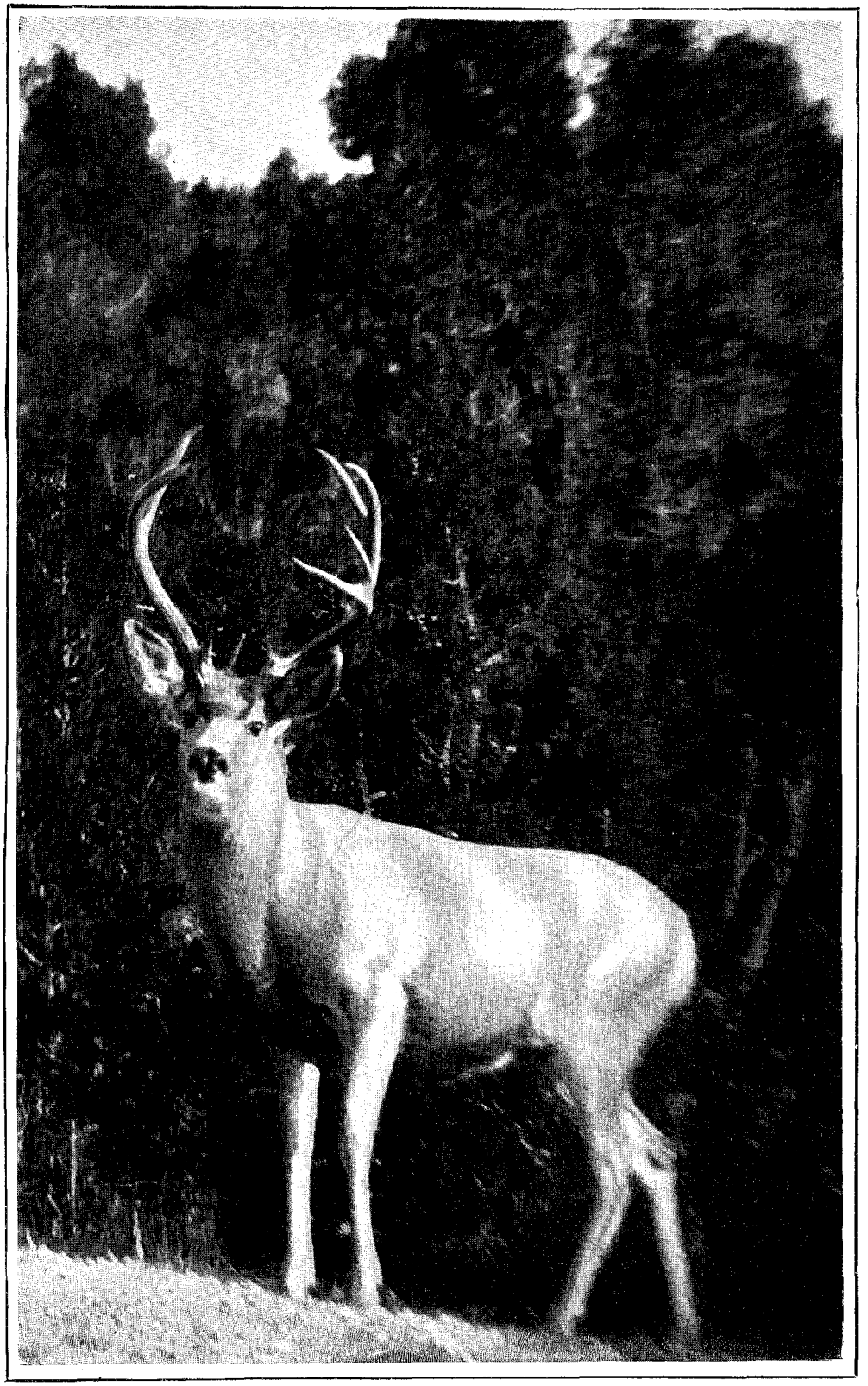

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A LONE BUCK, WITH MAGNIFICENT ANTLERS

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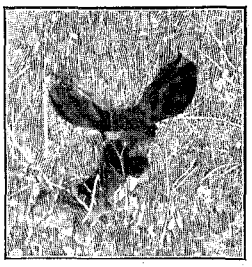
HUNTING BIG GAME WITH THE CAMERA

BY A. G. WALLIHAN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



OF the many uses to which the camera is put, that of preserving the game by its aid is one of the most fascinating. While the camera shot is far more difficult than the rifle shot, it has vastly more pleasure, for you may live over and over its breathless excitement as the faithful photograph reproduces the scene in minute detail. Then there is more pleasure in knowing that the beautiful creatures you have shot with the camera are still enjoying life as well as before, and you may "shoot" as many times as you like with no more serious result. The big game is being rapidly exterminated, and there seems but little hope that the remnant will ever be protected. There is as much delight and healthfulness in the pursuit of the game, and much more excitement, for you must approach very much closer than with the rifle, and you will have to learn more caution and woodcraft, and you will be brought to know far more of the habits of game than the rifle-hunter who merely kills at first sight. There will be many chances to admire the animals in their different moods, and many little traits will be seen that are unknown to the killer. You will learn patience and perseverance, and will miss many shots. But one successful shot will yield a greater trophy than any rifle-bullet ever will. In outfitting for camera-hunting the same plan must be followed as in rifle-shooting. As the modern rifle is quicker and farther-reaching than the guns of the past, so must the camera and its lens be as long-focused as is possible to combine with convenience. Then speed must be had, for many shots will be of moving animals, and others will be in dark places where snap shots cannot be thought of, so a rapid lens will give better chance of success than a slow one. Game is restless, generally, so that speed is a great factor; not that the ultra rapid shutter is best, but that a short exposure may be had and all the details obtained, as, for instance, in heavy timber where the light is poor. Thanks to the skill of the opticians, we have many rapid lenses and at moderate prices. Camera-makers vie with one another for the most handy instrument, and all make good ones. Many are overloaded with useless contraptions, wanted only by the fussy amateur. You will have but little time for swing-back or rising and falling front. A first-class finder might be of use, but I have never used one. The most rapid plates are another necessity, as the fastest lens would be sadly handicapped with a slow one.

The Blacktail or Mule deer of the Rockies is, perhaps, the most plentiful game animal of to-day. They generally migrate in fall to a lower or less snowy country, and in the spring back to the mountains. It would seem that on the trails which they follow on these migrations many camera shots could be had. But it is not as easy as first thought would indicate. The ever-shifting wind is the greatest obstacle. Then the deer are capricious, shifting from one trail to another as wantonly as the wind. I have had as many as twenty-five or thirty bands of deer come within rifle-shot in a day, with all hopes and appearances of coming within camera-shot also, only to be bitterly disappointed all day, while another day might produce several successes. If you stalk the deer in summer-time, then will you have a chance to show your woodcraft and you will be amid the most pleasant surroundings. You will find the bucks in the spruces, where the air is deli-

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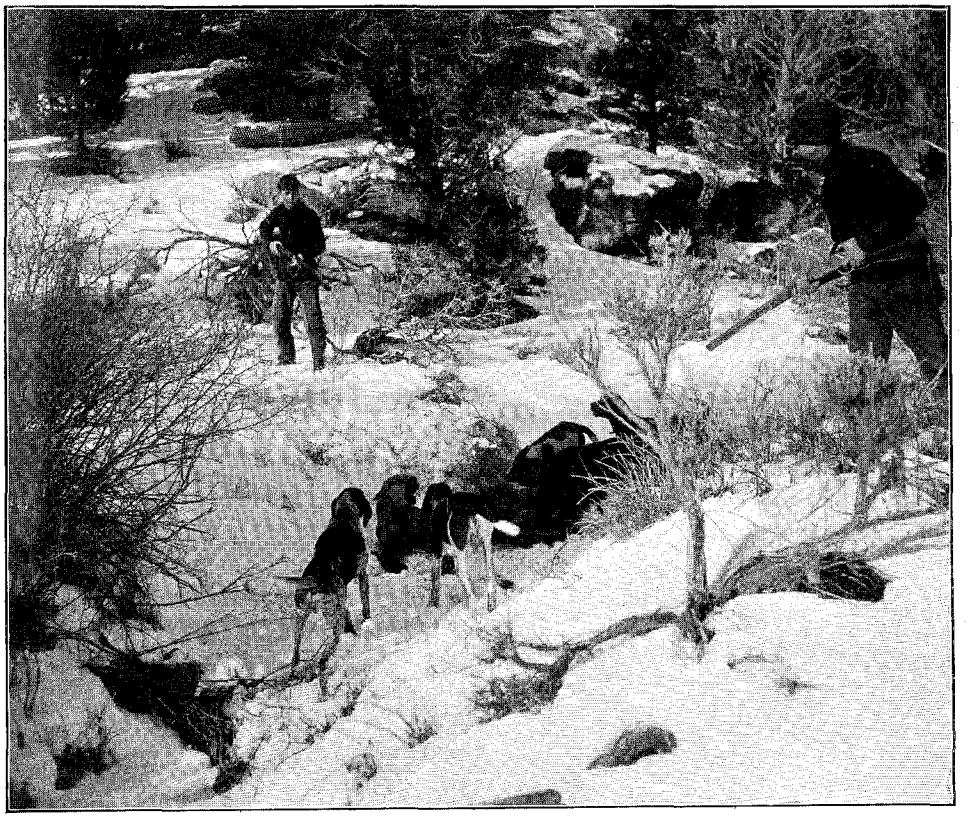
ciously cool and is filled with the odor of the balsam. Or you will find them in the oaks, where they can quickly bound out of sight; or, again, you will discover a bed-ground under a grove of beautiful aspens, tall and cold in their stateliness. If you watch here, you will find that they come to these beds to get rid of insect pests by stamping up the dust, then lying down in it, and to get the sunshine on their horns, now nearing full growth.

Discovering a couple of these bed-grounds one July day, the following day an attempt was made to photograph some deer there. With a companion, I rode as near as was safe, keeping in a gulch to be unseen and watching well to the wind direction. Dismounting and tying our horses, the camera was adjusted, attaching an 18-inch focus lens. My companion decided to remain with the horses, so I picked my way through the scrub oak until I came to the open near the beds. Across this I tiptoed in excitement, expecting to rouse some bucks as I approached, but all my pains were wasted, as the beds were empty. Hiding in the grass a few moments, I was pleasantly surprised to see some bucks come running in close, shaking their great mule ears to drive away the mosquitoes and gnats. Rising to my knees very slowly as they came in, I aimed the camera at them as best I could, and when they stopped to see if any danger menaced them I took the chance and snapped on them. Slowly, very slowly, sinking down until hidden by the grass and vegetation, I replaced the slide and turned the plate-holder for another shot, which was shortly obtained. These were at seventy-five feet. Returning to the horses for another plate-holder, I had my friend accompany me back to the beds. They were again empty, but in a few moments a spike buck came within forty-eight feet and discovered me just as I made the exposure. He played peek-a-boo with me for half an hour, first peering at me round a tree from one side, then turning and peeking from the other, finally lying down, occasionally jumping up suddenly to look at me and see what I really was.



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THE COUGAR HUNT

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A MOUNTAIN LION AT BAY IN A PINE-TREE

Autumn is the best time for camera hunting as well as rifle. Yonder mountain, the summer home of the deer, has changed colors since our summer visit. The lower slopes, where the scrub oaks hold sway, are red and brown. A little higher the gold and crimson of the aspen form one of the beautiful sights of nature. But yesterday the fringe of winter's mantle swept lovingly over the mountain top, powdering the spruce-tree with its glistening crystals. Now the deer will gather into larger and larger bunches and move slowly toward their winter homes, for the deep snow will cover all their food and embrace them in its smothering folds if they remain.

So, down from the mountain, with its springs and babbling brooks, its fern brakes, thickets, groves, and forests, comes a multitude of deer, out on to the semi-desert country they must cross to reach the cedar-clad hills and sage-covered gulches and flats of their winter home. They travel over much the same trails fall and spring, but wander at will over a space a quarter of a mile wide on either side of the central one. Leading the herd is an old doe—a veteran of many trips over this trail. Occasionally she pauses and another doe steps forward, and on goes the procession, almost noiselessly. The brave monarch with the crown of antlers keeps well in the rear, ready to fly when the watchful leader shall give any alarm. I have frequently observed does chasing coyotes, but never a buck. To sit hidden behind a sage-bush and watch the approach of a band of blacktail deer on one of these trails is the most beautiful game sight imaginable. Their gray coats

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A BULL ELK AT CLOSE RANGE

blend so closely with the gray-green of the sage-brush that the untrained observer is surprised to see deer within a few yards when he has watched ever so closely and thinks nothing has escaped him. Now they are coming towards you—the leader pauses and gazes intently, apparently right into your eyes, and your heart sinks as you feel that she will turn her command and go around you; the beating of your heart throbs and drums in your ears, your breath comes and goes quickly, and your hand is nervous. But the doe does not see you, for on she comes, and you sit as a statue; if you move ever so slightly, those vigilant eyes will detect it and your beautiful creatures will vanish. She comes within fifty feet and on to the very spot you have selected for your picture; then you give the shutter bulb its pressure, and your camera shot is fired. Again the doe pauses, the band close behind, with some crowding around her. A faint breeze springs up, she catches scent of you, and, with a frightened snort, the band with great springing bounds leap away over the sage-brush, generally back on the trail, evidently thinking there is no danger there, for have they not just traveled over it? You watch them until they disappear over a ridge, then move your cramped limbs, for it seems an age since they came in sight. If you didn't have buck fever, you are hardly human. And in your camera is something which, under the magic spell of the dark-room, will reproduce that enchanting scene. The great fat buck, with his beautifully poised head crowned with antlers which remind you of the dead limbs of a scraggly cedar-tree, the watchful doe leader looking and listening intently, her fawn peeking around her at you—the rest in all manner of poses. And you journey home or to camp with no feeling of regret that you wounded that noble animal to escape and die in agony, or, even if you killed him, of having taken a life as sweet to its owner as your own.

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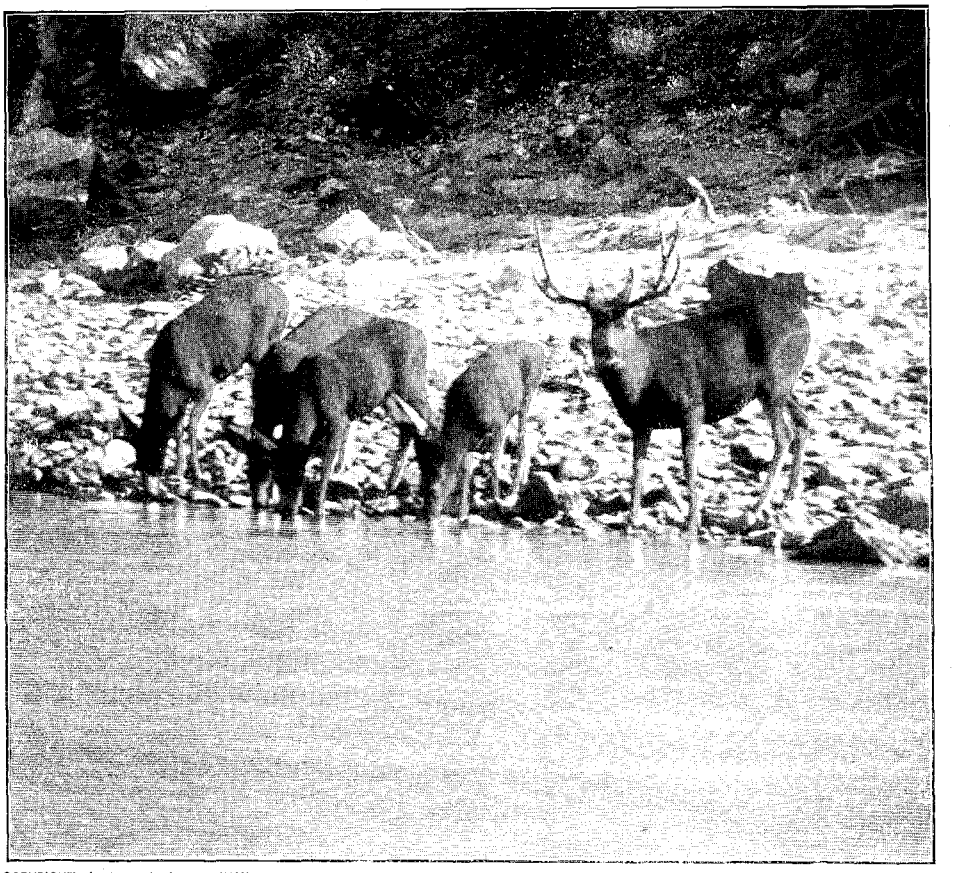
If you select the river-bank in the cañon, the monotony of the sage-brush camp will be relieved by a most beautiful panorama, kaleidoscopic in its changes from shadow to sunshine in the morning and broad, flat sunshine in the middle of the day; then, when evening's shadows creep out longer and longer from behind cedar-tree and rock and hill-point until the largest and longest shadow—that of the mountain-top—creeps up over all and the sun crowns the opposite wall of the cañon with its diadem of gold, then all merges away into darkness. Perhaps you had no luck to-day—only one band coming down the trail—but you are there again in the morning very early, before the sun has tipped the mountain-crest with rosy flame, for the deer are early travelers, and, if you are there when the light is just getting strong enough to impress your plates, you may catch the first ones. You have clambered round jutting ledges next the river's edge, then over the water-worn boulders, across a long sandbar, then on to the smooth limestone ledges, anxiously scanning the cañon side opposite where the trail comes down for deer, but have reached your chosen spot near where they cross, and rested a moment, when you catch the glint of the just rising sun on antlers or sleek sides of deer away up on top—a thousand feet above you—and a great band straggles into view. Now your pulses are a-jingle with excitement and delight. Out along a ledge or slope they go for a hundred yards, then down a slide-like place through the small rocks, then into a sink-hole, out of sight, to reappear on the last long slope down to the river. You count threescore as they string out in single file. So fascinated are you that you almost forget your camera—for this is a sight that but few gaze upon—but you recollect in time and turn to your instrument, which sits poised on its tripod ready to shoot in any direction the deer



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THE EVENING DRINK

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may approach from. Great limestone boulders are scattered over the narrow scope of ground between the river and the mountain's foot, and among these rocks the deer will not detect you. They scent the water and hurry a little, not forgetting to keep a sharp lookout, and finally come out on the gravel next the water, right opposite. Sixty pairs of vigilant eyes will see you if you but move a hand, sixty pairs of most acute ears will hear you if you make any noise, and sixty wonderfully sharp-scented noses are there to smell you if the ever-fickle breeze should turn. Fortune's smiles are glad, and you expose a plate on them as they drink opposite, a hundred feet away. Then they walk up the shore, looking for a good crossing-place. Quickly but stealthily you turn the plate-holder, and when they turn about and return and cross just above you, a shot catches the whole crowd wading across the river. Where they come out on the rocks a wet streak shows for hours, and they stand and shake the water from their dripping coats, fawns bleating complainingly and hunting their mothers, and you watch them as they finally climb the mountain and disappear. Down the trail a day's travel they will meet another reception—the Ute Indian will meet them and kill as long as he can, stripping the hide with what meat will pull off with it and leaving the carcass to the coyote and the buzzard. His squaw will tan the hide, and then it will be sold for fifty cents. And the State will pay wardens thousands of dollars to "protect" the deer for these vagabonds. While you meditate upon this problem you have forgotten to watch the trail, and a band has slipped down to the river and is crossing directly toward you, and are so close you dare not move to turn the camera upon them, and so lose a fine shot. Wondering how close they will come, you crouch slowly lower and lower, instinctively. Right out on the rocks, within fifteen feet, they walk—so close that you expect to be sprinkled as they shake off the dripping water. You are as motionless as the rocks about you when one looks at you with an expression of "That's a queer-looking rock," but they soon clamber up the precipitous trail and are gone.

You might try for a night picture at the river with a flash-lamp. Your flash powder must be inclosed from the night air, or the dampness will weaken it and the flash will lose power and the negative be weak or worthless. Then the flash must be as large as possible, so as to reach fifty or one hundred feet, for the deer will likely be that far away. Then it must be as quick as possible, for the game may be moving. Having selected a place by daylight, you repair to it after dark—and *such* darkness! You must either feel your way over the rocks or use a lantern to guide you to the place chosen, extinguishing it upon arrival. You can see the top of the cañon wall opposite and a few stars, but the rest is like an unlighted dark-room—absolutely dark. The camera is placed on tripod—focused for the most probable distance—the flash apparatus ready—then you wait. It is an October evening, and just warm enough so there is no discomfort. The distant murmur of a riffle up river comes faintly, rising and falling as the breeze fluctuates. A rock rattles on the cañon side opposite, and you strain your eyes to see if there are any objects at the sky line. Two or three animals pass a certain place, but you are not sure, and imaginary ones pass by the dozen. All is quiet for some time—again you hear a rock—then more, and there is quite a rustle of rocks and sliding of feet over there. Ears are your only guide now, and finally you hear a step or two in the water, and know that they are at the river. Where will they cross? Here, or farther down? Now they are wading in, and must be about right. The shutter has been set for a time exposure and the bulb is pressed to open it. Up comes the flash lamp from behind the big rock, and a blinding flash lights up the river, foam-flecked and with the deer wading and swimming. Frightened and blinded by the light, they turn instantly back for the shore, crashing into the sage-brush and rocks, and you laugh at their confusion until your sides ache. The shutter is closed, plate-holder turned, and you are again ready. An hour or more passes, then an owl hoots suddenly in the cedar just back of you, sending a cold shudder down your spine. Then he makes cat-calls and squawks of all descriptions, and you are glad when he flies away almost noiselessly. Something disturbs

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THE COUGAR'S LEAP

In taking this photograph Mr. Wallihan stood beneath the cougar, which landed within four feet of him.

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a small rock on the cañon side back of you, and you conjure up visions of cougars and wildcats leaping on you from behind the rocks, for you saw tracks down on the sand just below to-day. Pshaw! it was probably a mouse. But you are sleepy and the night breeze up the cañon is chilly, so the lantern is lighted and the traps are carried to camp. You seek your downy couch, and not even the stone underneath which projects into your ribs can rob you of the restful sleep earned by your toiling up and down the cañon under the blue sky of day and the twinkling stars of night.

If you choose the cedars as your next hunting-ground, you will find many trails, and to choose the best one will prove an uncertain task. Perhaps to-day all the deer you see will travel on the trail below, and to-morrow when you seek that trail they will pass your stand of yesterday. If you change about, they will be sure to pass the stand you have just left, so in desperation you resolve to stick to one place. These cedars are low, bushy, dwarfed trees—some very ugly and grotesque, while others are like great apple-trees, quite beautiful with their symmetrical tops. The chipmunk will keep you company, and occasionally a swift or small lizard will run up on a rock near you while you watch the beautiful throat-colors come and go. Then bunny rabbit hops across the deer trail, and surely that augurs luck, for isn't that the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit? Just back of you in a cedar is the platform of an old Indian grave, so he must be a graveyard rabbit. He looks at you in wonder a moment, then hops on. The camera is hidden by a small scrub cedar but two or three feet high, and you sit behind, keeping ever a vigilant eye on yonder open space in the cedars where your trail crosses.

A coyote comes skulking through the cedars, and gets quite close, watchful and alert, as he trots slowly along, until he catches a faint scent of something, when he stops quickly and looks all round. Now he sees you, and is gone like a flash. And then a glimpse of something catches your eye over on the trail, and all small game is forgotten as the prince of all comes in sight—a lone buck, with magnificent antlers. He has hurried to gain the cedars, for he has crossed the open sage-brush country, and is glad to reach better cover where he can rest in security. So now he is traveling more leisurely and not very cautiously, for he walks right up the hill to the very spot where you want him; quicker than you can think he is gone, for the breeze has veered at the last second, and the tainted air reaches him before you can press the shutter bulb. That is but one disappointment. You may have a string of them for a week. So does the rifleman, but he perseveres, and if he has ten points of excitement in his hunting you will have a hundred with your camera, for you must approach far nearer than he, and the nearer you are the greater will you be excited.

Finally comes a day when luck is all your own. A large band comes stringing carelessly along across a little open glade in the cedars, and you snap them, then sit motionless while they file past within forty feet and hardly out of sight before another bunch appears. These you stop with a faint whistle, snapping on the first few which appear; then the whole band poses right before you as if to mock you for your haste, until one inquisitive one goes round the wrong side and scents you, when there is a stampede which is like a small hurricane.

Your watch says two o'clock, and you find you are awfully hungry, and when you have lugged your camera and plate-holders to camp over the hills you could eat the grub without cooking, and when you reach the spring of pure cold water you envy no one his "Anheuser" or his "moonshine." Strolling out from camp before bedtime, you hear far up the trail the plaintive bleat of a fawn repeated again and again, and others join it occasionally. It is a large band passing down the trail; for the main part of the deer travel moonlight nights, and you listen until the sounds die away in the distance, then you return to camp and lie down to pleasant dreams.

From the timid, graceful deer to its worst enemy, the snarling, growling cougar, is quite a change for the cameraist. He must mount a sure-footed pony and ride at breakneck speed sometimes to keep in hearing of the hounds, whose rapid gait tells him that the track is quite fresh; and to carry the camera and plate-

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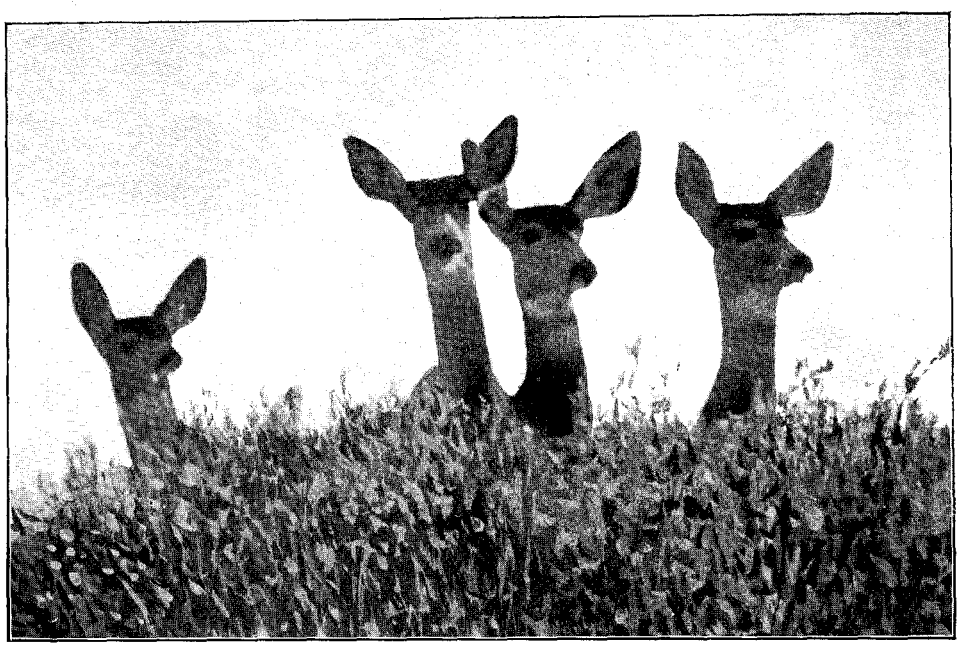

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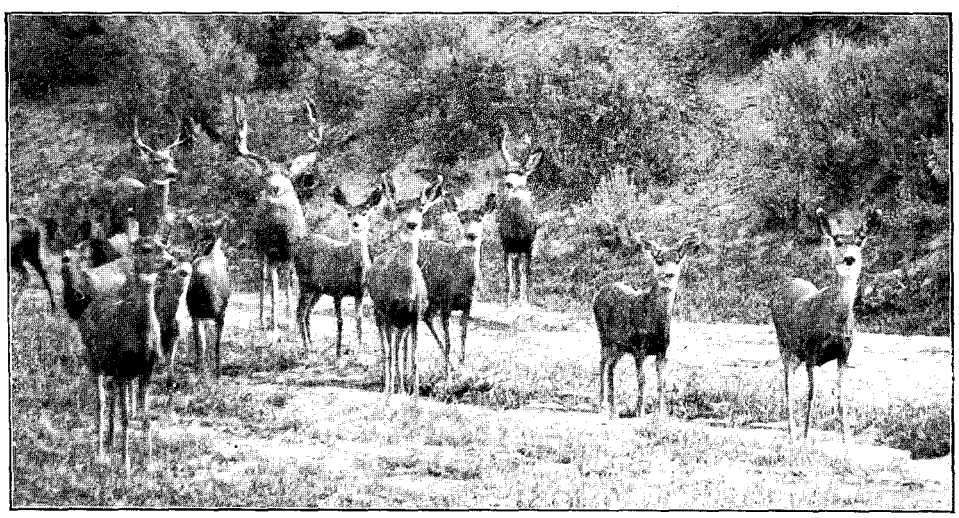
STARTLED DOES

holders slung by a strap over your shoulder through the cedars and up and down the hills is no easy task. But your troubles are forgotten with that music in front, now louder as you gain on the hounds, then fainter and perhaps lost altogether as the hounds plunge down off some hill until you reach the hill-top, and then the music breaks forth louder than ever as you pause a moment to catch the direction. Yonder they go on the opposite hillside, and their unceasing music proclaims that the quarry is up and running ahead of them, and a few hundred yards ahead you catch a glimpse of a tawny form sneaking hurriedly from tree to tree, but his pace is too slow; and while you watch, the eager hounds overtake him, and he jumps to the protection of a low piñon-tree. The fighting dogs, which have been kept back, are now sent on; they need but the word, for they are aware of the "treeing," and are off instantly, and you quickly follow. All danger is forgotten, and your horse



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AT ATTENTION

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seems to have absorbed the enthusiasm, and takes you down the mountain and across the deep washout and up to the tree, where you dismount and unlimber the camera, then cautiously approach to where your companion has selected a good view; or you may decide to try to catch the cougar in the air when your companion drives him out. The dogs are barking, only a little way, for one of the fighters has great speed and soon overtakes and stops the cougar, and before it can recover the pack is upon it. Down you go to them, camera at the ready, approaching as closely as you dare, for the fight is anybody's yet. Dogs are getting bitten or clawed, and yelp with pain, only to turn it to a snarl of rage when they get loose

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"I MADE A SNAPSHOT OF BOTH ELK AND DOG"

howling, whining—some trying vainly to climb the tree, others venting their surplus energy by chewing sticks or the ends of low limbs. Your companion has gone quietly round until opposite, and at a signal comes up noisily or throws a club at the cougar. Out leaps the great cat, and the dogs break into a greater clamor than ever—but your snapshot is lost, for the lion jumped the wrong way. He gets and fight the harder, while the cougar, growling, spitting, and snarling, is being most severely punished. Rushing up close while your companion stands on guard, you catch a snapshot, then step back to change plate-holder—then rush in, only to be driven to retreat by a charge of the cougar, which has by a last effort gotten loose from the mass of fangs. Before it can get to you the dogs have it down, and,

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for fear some pet dog may get crippled, your companion, who thinks more of his dogs than his own life, rushes in and with his rifle ends the cougar's life and the fight at once.

"Can you go round the bunch and drive them this way so I can get a running shot?" I queried of my friend Henry, who was with my wife and myself after I had photographed a large herd of elk. "I'll try," he replied, and he led his horse away up the gulch until it was deep enough to hide him well; then he rode away out of sight. With camera ready, I waited and watched closely for some sign of him. Suddenly some of the herd that were feeding became alarmed, and the herd at once took alarm and rose to their feet, standing expectantly. But few could see him until he suddenly dashed over the hill at them. Instead of coming toward me, they divided—some going up the ridge and some down it. Right through the middle of the herd he rode, trying to catch one, while his dog singled out a spike bull, and away they went—elk, dog, and man. Going to our horses, we quickly rode after them, and after a mile or two overtook them. Running down the ridge close pushed by the dog, the elk stepped in a badger-hole and turned a somersault or two, knocking off one horn, but continuing its flight until it crossed a gulch down which the water from melting snow further up was running. Here the dog overtook the elk, and it turned in the water to fight off the dog. The latter, devoid of fear, attacked at once, and would get the elk down; then the elk would strike him down into the water, until Henry called the dog off and awaited my arrival with the camera. Every time the elk offered to bolt, the dog would seize him and prevent his flight. On my arrival the camera was made ready and I approached to within forty feet, when I made a snapshot of both elk and dog, showing plainly the effect of the fray in the water by their wet coats. We walked round the elk and viewed him from all sides, then called the dog away, mounted our horses and rode homeward, leaving the elk to pursue his way to the mountains where he was bound when we found the herd.

An Answer

By Franklin Hamilton

High tide, and sunlight on the laughing waves,
Though April clouds hang low their distant glooms;
The pure sea washes high, and laves
The clean wet rock, where blooms
White saxifrage, the sturdy flower
That loves its cleft, and asks no other dower.

Soon will the waters ebb, and leave the beach
Forlorn, unkempt, and rife with all decay.
A lone old man will bend, and reach,
As rain shuts out the day,
To find 'mong stones his meager fare—
While youth, love, sunshine, change to mist and care.

Life glows and glooms; the tide sweeps out and in.
Why must the poet-souls find nothing fair?
If flowers from granite spring, 'tis sin
To think pure love so rare.
Though Death draw close its numbing coils,
Doth no bird sing for him who bends and toils?

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Behind the Guns

By James Barnes

IT was just outside of Pretoria, on the 4th of June, 1900. The big naval guns, lined up in the dusty road, were hurling eighty-pound projectiles over a wide dipping valley at the unanswering forts that crowned the tops of the kopjes that rose to the southward of the town. The shells had good long four miles to travel before they struck and burst in and about the earthen embankments. On a line of little hills, much nearer, a Boer fifteen-pounder and a pompom, whose location could not be discovered among the rocks, suddenly broke out in reply, sending shells at intervals in among the wagons and horses of the transport column that had been crowded too close up to the firing line. There was a constant sniping and popping of rifle-fire along the front, stretching away to the left, and a Colt's battery was hammering like a carpet-beater from the side of the near-by slope. But the big guns confined their attention to the deserted forts, above which, rising high in the air, hung the clouds of dust and lyddite fumes.

The transport wagons had been hurriedly turned back across the spruit some four or five miles away, out of the range of the Boer fifteen-pounder and the pompom, and I was standing with a little group of onlookers directly behind the naval guns, watching through my glasses the effect of the heavy shell-fire, and wondering, with the others, why there was no reply from the forts themselves, for great stories had been told of their strength and armament.

Commander De Horsey, R.N., a thin, wiry little man, all nerves and sinews, was walking to and fro, back of the guns. He had his "fighting grin" on, and would now and then turn back and laugh as a shell fell fair on the ramparts of the nearest fort on Klapper Kop.

"De Horsey's having a great time this afternoon," remarked an officer to me, and then he added, in much the same tone that one would use in congratulating another on a well-made stroke at billiards, "Good shot, sir," and waved his hand.

At that very minute a pompom shell from the hidden Vickers-Maxim struck in close to the trail of the nearest "four-point-seven," as the big guns were called.

De Horsey gave a quick jump and then sat down. The grin was hardly off his face as he turned to where we stood, but he grasped his leg by the knee and fumbled then about his foot. A one-pounder shell had exploded on the hard ground and burst into many fragments. Poor De Horsey was struck just at the ankle-joint, making an ugly wound. Protesting that it was nothing and that he could "still hobble round," he was sent back to the rear in a correspondent's cart that had not gone back with the transport. He was still protesting and grinning as they drove him away. Afterwards it was found that cap and detonator of the shell had wedged themselves into the ankle-bone. His place was taken by a young lieutenant, and the cannonading went on.

This was one of the few fights in which I can remember really seeing the Boer at work, for now and then figures could be observed through the glass, dodging here and there in changing position among the rocks on the hill but little over a mile away. The big guns had disdained them, confining their attention, as I have said, to the deserted forts and leaving them to be handled by the Colt battery and the men with rifles on the slope.

It was certainly a very plucky thing to do, and a most audacious thing, taking into account the odds against them, but a number of burghers had worked in, unseen by the English, to a bit of broken, rocky ground not twelve hundred yards directly in front of the naval guns. They opened up suddenly with rifle-fire, and two men serving at the gun on the right were hit, but most of the first volley passed overhead.

Now, it happened there was a big, natural excavation directly in the rear of the guns, and I believe I can claim the honor of being the first man in it. The time that it took the rest of the watching group to join me "wasn't worth the mention." Somehow the sensation reminded me of

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the game of "Eye-spy" when the fellow who is "it" is about to call "Coop." As soon as we were all ensconced—and we well filled the little hole—I looked to see who were my companions. They were two members of the staff, the Press Censor, an officer whose duty I never could determine, but who smoked very large Turkish cigarettes, and, to be truthful, a General of artillery. I must say that he was the last to reach the hiding-place and that he merely crouched, but the rest of us, like "Br'er Rabbit," "lay low and said nuffin."

The handy men at the big guns were working like beavers now, changing the sights and elevations—at last turning their attention to things near at hand. The bullets were coming in intermittently, scattering blobs of lead and nickel in among the rocks. I admired the men at the guns, who were sticking to their work and had no hole to get into, and I rejoiced that a correspondent's first duty was merely to take care of himself.

All at once, just before they had succeeded in training the first big gun on the bit of broken ground, we heard a peculiar whirring sound. We all looked back, and there, directly behind the guns, exposed in the open, was the American cinematograph man standing beside his tripod, grinding away, his face showing only a concentrated interest in the working of his machine. Suddenly he turned and roared over his shoulder, "Hurry up, Billy! bring up them films!"

I loved that man on the instant, and now, as I write, I wish I could remember his name, for he was no small figure in the campaign. I half rose to look for "Billy," and there he came, hugging something to his breast and making himself as small as possible, dodging from rock to rock until he handed up from a semi-recumbent position the films to the man at the camera.

At this minute the big guns opened up, and it seemed to be only two or three seconds between the discharge and the bursting of the shells along that rocky stretch. The few venturesome Boers cleared back for the farthest hill beyond like rabbits, and soon a detachment of mounted infantry was ordered forward to occupy the ground they had vacated, and we emerged from our hole. The cinematograph man moved his tripod elsewhere, and the "four-point-sevens" went back to hammering the forts.

But now this story has a quirk to it. One of the officers who was in the comfortable little hollow with me that day spoke to me at the Pretoria Club.

"I've got a good joke on So-and-so," he said, laughing. "Just got a letter from my wife, and she quotes a letter that he wrote to his wife about six weeks ago. You remember the time when we were back of the guns taking cover in that donga, the day before we entered? Well, this is how he described it—I suppose our wives do talk these things over at home and hand round our effusion"—then he went on and read as follows: "'At one time to-day I never expected to see you again, my dear. We were in a dreadfully exposed position, with the bullets falling all around us, and at many times—'" But why go on? It was a very thrilling account, but he said nothing of the hole in the ground, or the position that he occupied in it, which, if I remember correctly, was the next to last man at the bottom.

"Do you remember the cinematograph man that day?" I asked.

"*Do I?*" replied my officer friend, and his tone meant volumes.

The Deserted Village

By Augusta W. Cooke

The blackbirds call in the lindens
That shade the fallen rafter,
And close beside the ruined mill
Is heard the brook's soft laughter.

From a tangle by the crumbling wall
A gush of music swelling
Shows where, deep in the lilac's shade,
The wood-thrush hides his dwelling.

Joint owners they—the brook, the trees,
The birds on airy pinion,
The flowers which breathe their fragrant lives,
In this most fair dominion.

Allaire, N. J.

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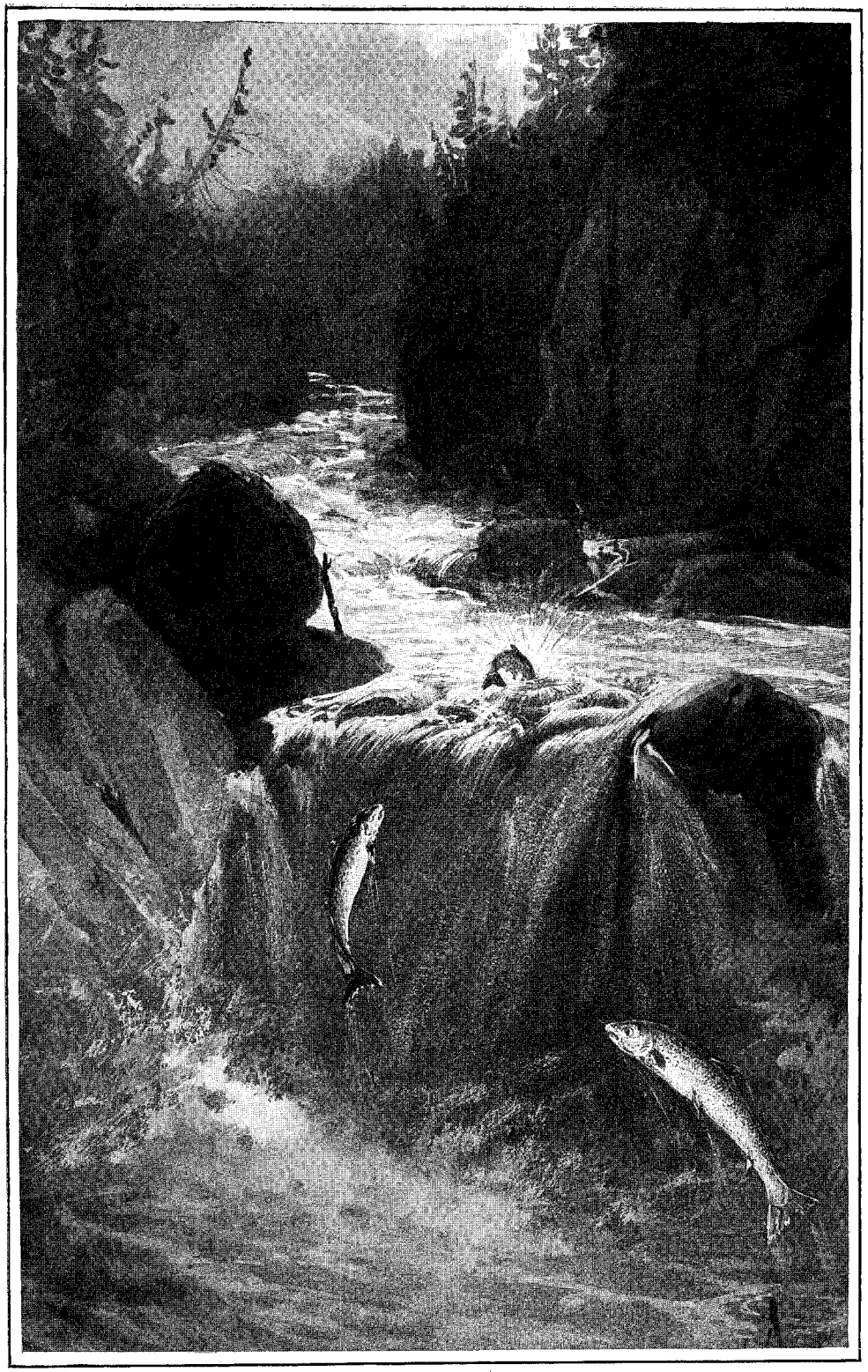

THE SALMON LEAP
Drawn by Henry Sandham.

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THE FALL IS SO DOWNRIGHT AND SO HIGH THAT THE PEOPLE STAND AND WONDER AT THE STRENGTH AND SLEIGHT BY WHICH THEY SEE THE SALMON USE TO GET OUT OF THE SEA INTO THE SAID RIVER; AND THE MANNER AND HEIGHT OF THE PLACE IS SO NOTABLE THAT IT IS KNOWN FAR BY THE NAME OF THE SALMON-LEAP. CONCERNING WHICH TAKE THIS ALSO OUT OF MICHAEL DRAYTON, MY HONEST OLD FRIEND, AS HE TELLS IT YOU IN HIS "POLYOLBION:"

And when the salmon seeks a fresher stream to find
Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his kind,
As he towards season grows, and stems the watery tract
Where Tivy, falling down, makes an high cataract,
Forced by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
As though within her bounds they meant her to inclose,
Here, when the laboring fish does at the foot arrive,
And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive,
His tail takes in his mouth, and bending like a bow
That's to full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw,
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand
That, bended end to end, and started from man's hand,
Far off itself doth cast, so does the salmon vault;
And if at first he fail, his second summersault
He instantly essays, and, from his nimble ring
Still yerking, never leaves until himself he fling
Above the opposing stream.

FROM IZAAK WALTON'S "COMPLEAT ANGLER"

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THE ART OF CAMPING

A WOMAN'S VIEW

BY MARTHA COMAN

HE was one of the best known of the Maine guides, a gnarled and sturdy old Nimrod whose keen blue eyes twinkled as I asked him what to carry and what to do to make a thorough success of my first camp's venture in the Maine woods.

"Wal," he drawled whimsically, "I seen a sight of campers come and a sight of 'em go, and I allus tell 'em this—when they ask—but a lot of 'em don't, 'cause they come up here thinkin' they know it all. To make your summer out a' doors a real success, use this here receipt. To one part good location, take two parts of sheet-iron cook-stove, stir in a dash of fair weather and add a seasonin' of good nature that don't mind wet feet onct in a while. Then, with a sprinklin' of sport and a top layer of sunshine, I guess your summer out a' doors will be pretty near A-one!"

The old man's curious mixture of practical good sense and backwoods philosophy contains, after all, the very foundation-stones on which a camping structure should be built. He hit on the one thing upon which hinges the whole success of life in the woods: Comfort, or the lack of it, will make or mar the pleasure of your summer existence. First of all comes the "one part of good location;" and so, above all things, see that your little canvas habitation is pitched to the best advantage, and that everything inside and about it be arranged for comfort and expediency.

Your guide will see that your tent is near enough to the river or lake for practical purposes, and will no doubt select a point of land partly shaded and sheltered from the wind, if that be possible. If a little knoll of land is conveniently near, that will be the spot chosen, for then, in case of heavy showers, you will not be awakened in the middle of the night by intruding streams of water—a thing apt to happen if your tent is pitched on a hillside. In the latter case, the thorough-going craftsman will have a trench dug a bit up the hillside to carry off the sudden little streams.

It is not always possible to secure the picturesque and the practical at one fell blow, and seven times out of ten you will find that the unromantic guide has pitched your tent with its back to the view which you had gone into such ecstasies over, or else he has given you a dense clump of trees or a solid hillside for your daily outlook. A tent pitched right on the extreme edge of a great bluff below which the river turns and twists, or the waves of the lake beat in a soothing lullaby, seems to the uninitiated "just the spot," but the uninitiated had best give in quietly to the guide's objections, or else some fine windy night he will find himself being blown clear over into the waters below.

An ideal camping-place is a cozy nook on the edge of a firm beach. Then your tent can be safely sheltered under the protecting boughs of the huge trees, and the open front of your canvas home gives you the clear blue waters of the lake for your outlook.

The pine-strewn ground beneath the tall Norway trees makes a natural carpet which gives as much comfort as the velvet surface of an Axminster, and the thick moss about the roots is as soft as any of the down pillows of civilization.

I remember the floor the guides constructed for our living-tent. The hollows and the uneven places of the ground were filled up with thick patches of moss, and over this a heavy canvas was stretched, and it was as warm and comfortable to the feet when the frost put a sharpness into the air as a tight-chinked board flooring could have been.

My sleeping-tent was pitched under a tree close to the water's edge, right where a small cove made an ideal spot for my daily plunge, and the guides constructed a little dressing-room of woven balsam

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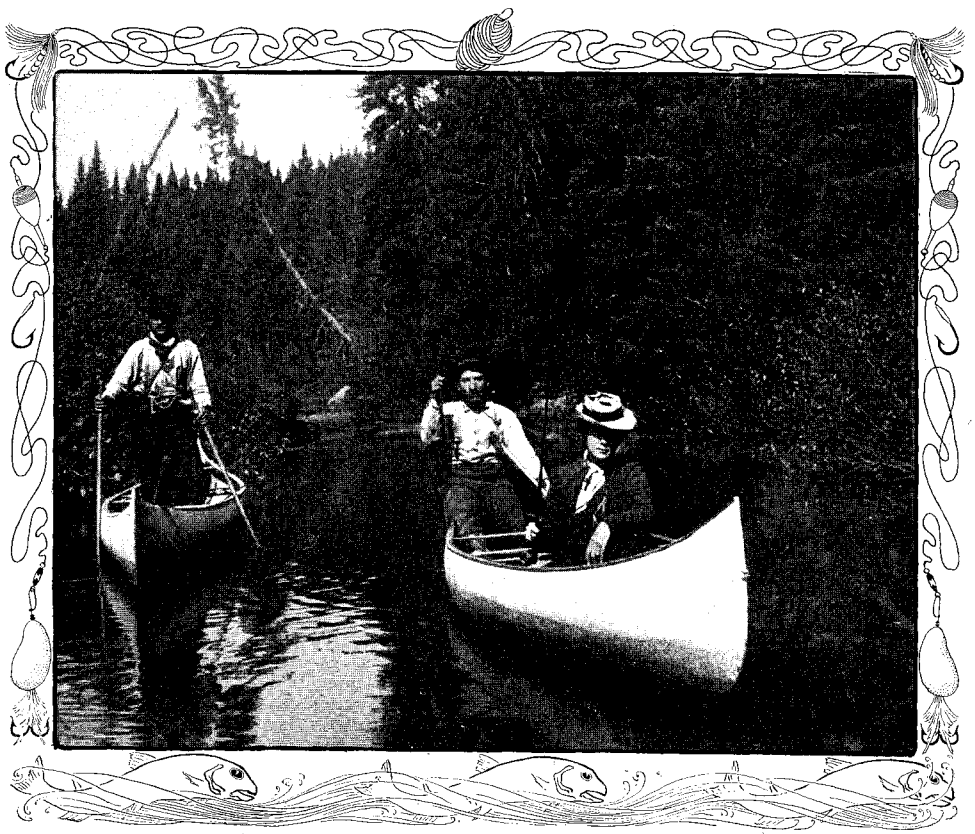
boughs, so that I was entirely screened off from the rest of the place.

The brisk refreshing dip before breakfast is one of the keenest delights and benefits of camping out. Of course portable bath-tubs with all the up-to-date appliances are possibilities, but at best they are clumsy affairs, and cannot be compared for a second to the convenience and the delight of nature's own tub. The morning dip sends the blood tingling all through you, and you know that, after a long, hot tramp over hills and valleys, when you reach camp there is the little cove with its sparkling waters inviting you to jump in and come out again as good as new and thoroughly rested. And what an appetite the plunge will give you! The very air itself is rejuvenating enough, but combined with the other brisk delights of outdoor life, you are more than ready to call trout and bacon, hot biscuits and coffee, a meal fit for the king himself.

So, whether you are camping in one of the sunny valleys of California or deep in the pines of Maine, keep a cautious eye on the spot selected for your summer home. It is important to be comfortable, even though your stay be comparatively a short one. See that the guides pitch their abiding-place around a point of land, which will serve to give you seclusion and quiet, and an additional sense of comfort for both parties.

No superfluous furnishings either in the way of wearing apparel or of tent decorations will cumber up the neatly arranged dwelling of the practical camper. Take just exactly what you will need, and nothing more. Your canvas tent, if new, will soon take on a mellow, weather-stained color that will blend harmoniously with the grays and greens of the surrounding trees and foliage; and if your guide is a handy chap, as most woodsmen are, he will construct rude benches and convenient tables for writing or for games, and their rustic appearance will add greatly to the picture.

The thoroughgoing camper will nod approvingly at that portion of my guide's receipt in which he says "take two parts



WHERE THE TROUT HIDE

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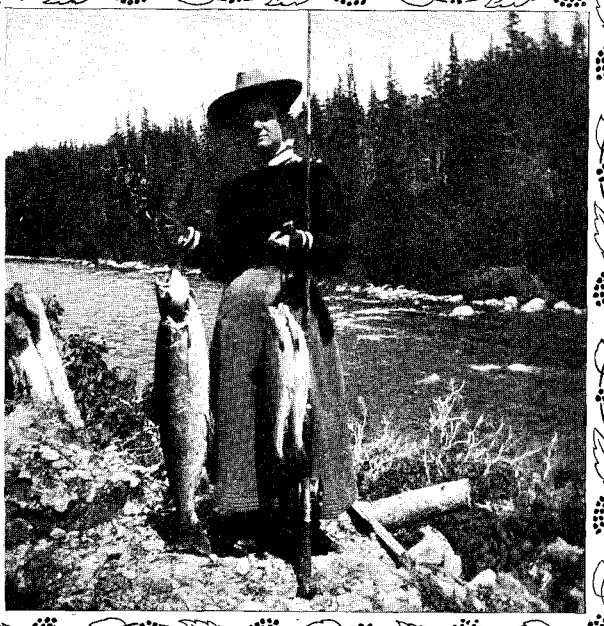

A BIG SALMON

of sheet-iron cook-stove"—that is about the most sensible and practical bit of his remark. Of course the picturesque camper, the one who wishes to roam among the pines dreaming of Rosalind, will protest loudly and give utterance to many remarks on the decadence of the age and the horrid practicality of modern life and civilization. Where is the romance of living in the woods if one must cook on a sheet-iron stove? But let the lover of the picturesque try to get breakfast some rainy morning, when the wind swoops first this way and then that, and the wood is too damp to do more than smolder. Hide your cook-stove if you will—that is what we always do the first thing when we settle down to a three months' life in the woods.

An out-of-doors kitchen is constructed first. It has open sides and a roof of heavy canvas, through which the stove-pipe protrudes its unromantic top. Heavy canvas curtains are rolled up to the roof in fine weather, and if there is a too brisk breeze from the south, or a dash of rain from the east, the sides can be let down in just a few seconds' time, and the whole kitchen can be as easily protected in that way as your sleeping or living tents.

The culinary department is entirely hidden from the rest of the outfit by a high screen of interwoven branches, not so thickly built, however, but that a tantalizing odor of crisply frying bacon, or the appetizing smell of the Mocha, is often wafted through to the already ravenous campers.

While we always insist upon the cook-stove as a fundamental part of our outfit, we are just as keen as any one over the blazing camp-fire for the twilight hours. In fact, the camp-fire is to us as much a part of our out-of-doors existence as the cook-stove. We select the spot with the same care as we use in choosing camp sites, and there are few hours of the day

THE GUIDES GETTING SUPPER

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or night when that fire of logs and pine knots is not smoldering, and ready with a little coaxing to burst into a welcome blaze. Sitting about the camp-fire and telling stories of adventure and of hunts for big game is one of the most attractive bits of the summer existence, and many an hour have we put in listening breathlessly to the weird or exciting tales of the guides.

With the unromantic cook-stove there should be an equally practical person whose sole duty it is to do the cooking. Many a camping trip have I known to be utterly spoiled because that part of the duties was assigned to one of the feminine members of the party. Naturally, because it happens to be your week to do the cooking, you do not wish to give up the long-anticipated trip to the mountain spur, or to the falls where no white woman, perhaps, has ever penetrated, so you join the party gleefully, and after an unexpectedly difficult tramp you return to camp exhausted and ready to drop. But that is an impossibility. The rest of the party are starved and clamor for food—not a hastily gathered make-shift meal because your back aches and your legs are leaden-weighted; no, they want plenty, more than plenty, and they hover about anxiously inquiring "if it isn't nearly ready," and "how much longer must they wait?" until you could just sit down and weep for sheer weariness.

AN ADIRONDACK CAMP

AFTER THE BEAR HUNT

Don't attempt to do the cooking yourself. You'll regret it if you do, for it is one of the duties that is never at an end, and there are so many other things you want to be doing when you get into the woods and find yourself in the thrall of nature. A thoroughly good appetite is an indissoluble part of camp life, and it is important that it be catered to satisfactorily. It is a pleasure just to be alive, to breathe the pure, bracing air of the pine-covered hills and to feel the perfect freedom

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which is an adjunct of the out-of-doors existence—all this helps to the good old-fashioned appetite, the genuinely hungry feeling which needs no coaxing, no tempting with daintily served delicacies. Much in the way of serving may be overlooked when one is so ravenously ready for food, but there is no reason why the food should not be as well prepared and as appetizingly served as when one is at home. If you follow my advice and take a cook with you, or have one among your guides, you are laying up hours of genial self-satisfaction, for with no conveniences to help make the work lighter it is nothing less than the hardest drudgery. It is an easy matter to brown a fish to an artistic turn over the glowing coals of your home range, or to turn out a pan of delicious golden-brown biscuits, but these feats are feats indeed when attempted over an open log-fire with an obstinate wind blowing the smoke into your eyes and down your throat. Take a cook and a cook-stove, and let the former's temper be ruffled instead of your own.

If you are planning to remain long in one spot, then a few homelike and artistic touches to your camp are worth while. Tents of bright awning-cloth give a picturesque robe to the summer home; gayly covered pillows and large rustic benches scattered about lend an air of comfort and attractiveness. Hammocks swung from the wide-spreading trees provide a luxurious way to dream away an idle hour or two, and at night the big camp-fire crackling near by throws over the whole scene a series of fantastic lights and shadows. The music of the running highway or of the wavelets of the wide lake blends rhythmically with the gentle murmur of the night wind in the trees.

At such an hour and in such an environment camp life is ideal, artistic, and altogether charming. However, all is not beauty and comfort in the daily round of the camper's life. There are midges, deer-flies, and all manner of persistently annoying insects to hover about the picturesque abode and lessen its charm. Netting is a first aid in the matter of keeping out such pests, but a dense daily smudge is the only thing that gets rid of them effectually.

For sleeping there are many arrangements, any one of which is recommended as the best and most comfortable of all arrangements for the camper. Rubber mattresses are good and sleeping-bags are excellent, but in all my experiences as a camper I have found nothing so satisfactory or so comfortable as the bed built of fresh pine boughs. When these beds are carefully constructed, there isn't, to my mind, a hair mattress in the universe that can compare with this primitive but deliciously comfortable affair. If you are stopping only two or three nights in one spot and then going on in your search for game or for scenery, your guide will not take the trouble to make your bed in a very thorough manner. He will simply heap up some freshly cut pine boughs and arrange them with the soft green needles for the top layer of the bed. The truly satisfactory bed of pine boughs requires some time and some skill to construct, and not every guide who inhabits the Quebec or Aroostook pine jungles knows how or is willing to bother with making one properly. In the first place, long logs are cut for the length of the bed, and shorter ones are put across the ends. Into this low box are piled, first, large freshly hewn boughs to build the bed up to the height of the box sides. On top of these boughs softer ones are laid, with the new green parts on top to form a covering for the springy moss. When plenty of the soft green needles are put over the other boughs, you have a bed that is at once deliciously soft and comfortable. The best part of it is that the aromatic pine balsam is a remedy in itself, and the elasticity of the bed lasts for days. Your own personal choice is responsible for your having either a sleeping-bag or a pair of big, heavy army blankets. There were a man and his wife in our last party who had spent the previous season in Labrador; he was an advocate of the blankets because they allow the circulation of air, but his wife always takes with her a specially constructed and comfortable little sleeping-bag.

If you are away in search of game, or if you spend the greater part of each day whipping up and down a stream, it will not bother you much if your beds occupy the greater part of the tents. But if you are camping just for the pleasure of putting in the days quietly and restfully, you

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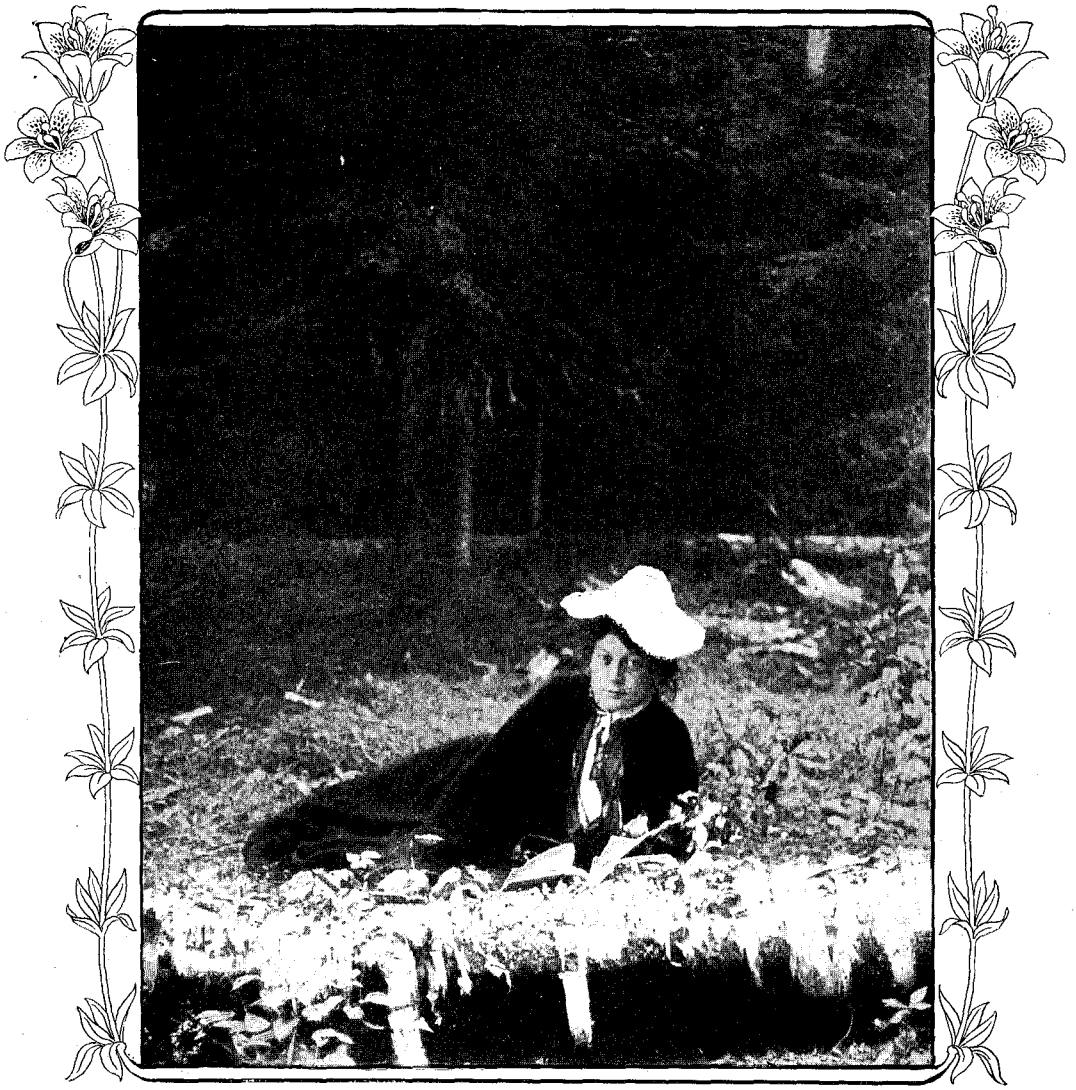

AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS

will be about the tents more or less during the daytime, and in such a case it is much pleasanter to have one tent for the big living-room and smaller tents for sleeping. The living-tent may be made into a very cozy and attractive rendezvous by having curtains which may be let down from an overhead awning, thus separating the tents and allowing of privacy. In the living-tent there may be the writing or reading tables, books, games, and various amusements. One party now planning to spend three months or so in the Adirondacks counts the ping-pong table and equipment as a most necessary part of the outfit.

With all of the camp comforts and pleasures disposed of in such a way that the free life among the fragrant pines and firs or giant oaks shall be as charming and as agreeable as one could desire, there is only the personal equipment to describe.

The style of this depends, to an extent, on the location of the camp—whether it be near enough to some village to attract the occasional curious visitor, whose uneducated vision would be shocked at seeing the feminine members of the party going about in very short skirts and knickerbockers. In the main, one's wardrobe is the same, with the variation of

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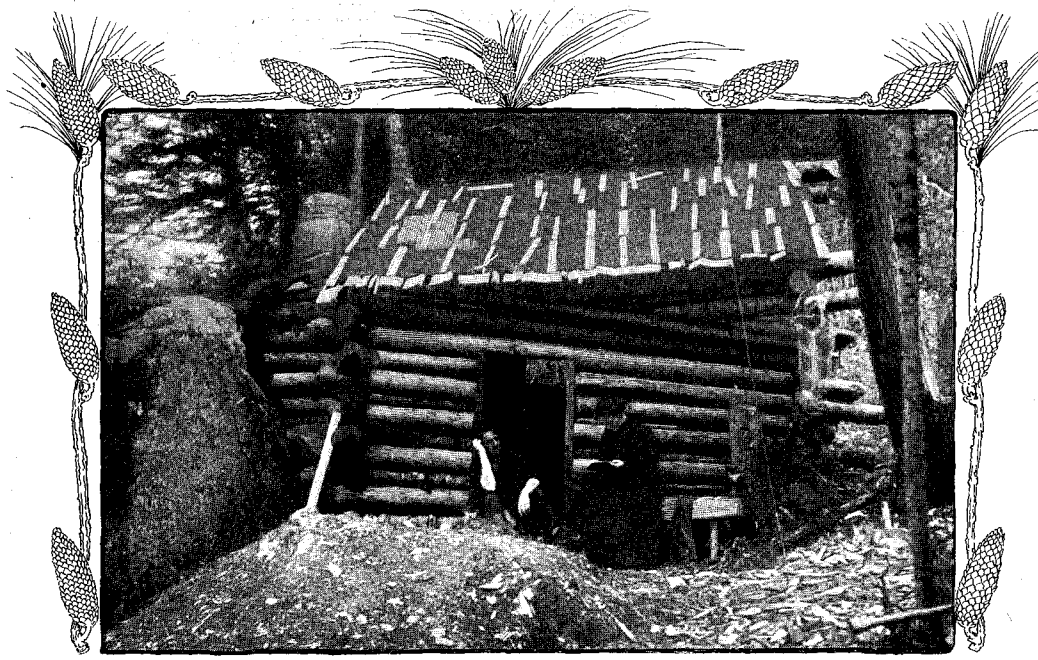
weight, and the campers among the California pepper-trees and eucalypti wear about the same style garments as the summer dweller in the tangled Maine woods. Whenever a woman plans to camp she follows her natural predilection and refuses to be so ultra sensible as to get herself up like a fright, and the seasoned camper never keeps a trunk at home in which to save up cast-off clothes which "will be just the thing to camp in." Camp clothes should be as carefully selected as one's afternoon frocks, and should be chosen for service as well as for comfort. Very short skirts of stout material, flannel waists, stout boots, and outing hats that will look none the worse for being floated down the stream or having been in the sun for days, complete a sensible outfit.

A woman may make herself as picturesque as she chooses amid the out-of-doors surroundings, but the sensible, seasoned camper will leave personal vanity at home with her dinner gowns, and avoid useless fripperies and follies; yet, as before stated, not make herself a fright.

To be absolutely comfortable and perfectly free in every movement is what the huntswoman and the fisherwoman desire. I know a woman who has made an art of camping out, and who spends her summers in Newfoundland, where bear, deer, and the kingly salmon furnish her with the sport in which she delights. Her outfit consists of heavy woolens, sweaters, knickers, high boots, and small felt hat. Her luggage fills one small rubber and canvas camping-bag, and actually takes up less room than her husband's. Besides boots of various lengths, and some felt slippers for evenings about the camp-fire, she takes with her short skirts which match her knickers and which she puts on when convention demands.

For practical purposes nothing excels this comfortable little outfit, and though there are dozens of enticing little silver adornments designed specially for the woman camper, the less she indulges in luxuries the more comfort and peace of mind will be hers. No woman wants to be bothered looking after valuables or giving her mind to details when she goes off into the woods to get close to great simple Nature. For, after all is said and written, the true art of camping out is living simply and naturally with a mind and heart ready for the benediction of the woods.



AFTER A FISHING TRIP

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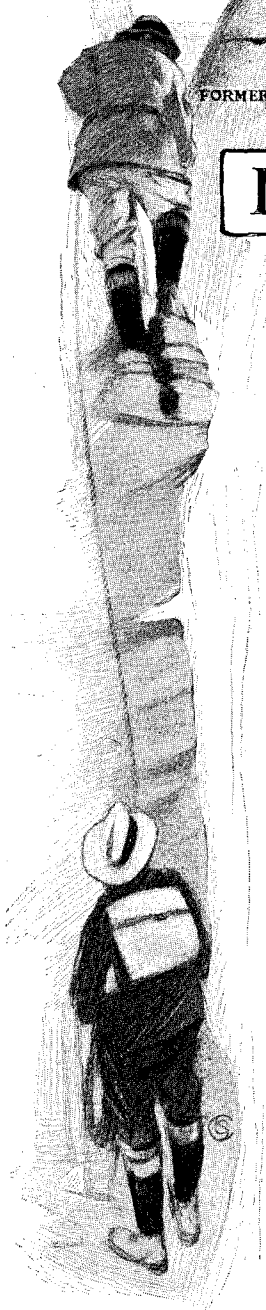
MOUNTAIN CLIMBING AS AN ORGANIZED SPORT

By Charles E. Fay

FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN CLUB

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN



IN a May number for 1890 of The Outlook the present writer set forth at some length the story of the rise, growth, work and play of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Looking back through the vista of twelve years, about half-way to the founding of the society in 1876, it is interesting to note that 1890 was an epoch-marking year in its history, that from it date several new departures of considerable moment. Hence an invitation to discuss the present aspects of alpinism in America is accepted with pleasure, as affording an opportunity to make known the larger outcome of an already fruitful idea.

That earlier contribution told how the creation of the Alpine Club in London in 1857 not only gave a sudden impetus to the sport of high climbing, but led to the formation of similar, though not identical, societies in many lands. This development occurred chiefly within the next three decades, though new societies still continue to spring up, and few, if any, cease to exist. The presence or absence of mountains near at hand is immaterial to their origin, and race seems to have slight bearing on the tendency to found them: there is an Alpine Club in Belgium no less than in the Crimea. The English prototype has always remained a man's club and exclusive, making also a somewhat strict demand of a "record" from its postulants. It has a membership of a few hundred. On the Continent a broader and more democratic policy obtained. A love of the mountain, or even of out-of-door life, has been the criterion of eligibility, so that some of these societies number their members by the thousand, nay, by tens of thousands, in affiliated "sections" established, as in the case of the German and Austrian Alpine Club, in nearly every important town in the two empires.

The Continental ideal was naturally the one that found acceptance in America, not only when the first short-lived coterie was formed under the name of "The Alpine Club," at Williamstown, Mass., in 1863, gathered about Professor Albert Hopkins, a brother of the famous President, but also when the idea attained to a vigorous, permanent embodiment in the Appalachian Mountain Club. Men and women were admitted on equal terms. Scientific men took the initiative in its creation, and a scientific study of mountain phenomena was recognized as in part its reason for being. It was also temporarily to represent geographical science in New England; to such an extent has it pre-empted this field that no serious suggestion has ever been made to establish a society more specifically exercising these functions. In 1890 the Club had attained a membership of 800; at present there are over 1,300 enrolled members. Scarcely a year in the twenty-six since its organization but has witnessed a marked gain. That nearly 200 have joined

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since December, 1900, shows a vigorous entrance of the idea into the new century.

With the exception of a small Rocky Mountain Club in Colorado that has experienced varying fortunes, and of which but little is heard—yet that little essentially good—the only other alpine societies upon our continent have sprung up on the Pacific coast. Here, as in the East, the earliest efforts proved abortive, the two societies that merited mention in 1890, the one at Portland, the other at Seattle, soon ceasing to exist. Their débris, in a sense, was later assembled in the "Mazamas," formed in 1894 at no less an altitude than on the summit of Mount Hood, which has since maintained a vigorous existence. Its headquarters are at Portland. Meantime, in 1892, there was chartered in San Francisco a society patterned very closely after the Appalachian Club, its objects being "to explore, enjoy, and render accessible the mountain regions of the Pacific coast; to publish authentic information concerning them; to enlist the support and co-operation of the people and Government in preserving the forests and other natural features of the Sierra Nevada mountains." Among its active promoters we find names well known to science: Le Conte, Muir, Davidson, Jordan, and others. It took the name of "The Sierra Club," and its later doings have been reported in its excellent "Bulletin."

As the dean of these American societies, and having by far the most numerous and widely scattered membership, it will not seem invidious if the largest place in the story is given to the New England organization.

The White Mountains of New Hampshire, and the joy of investigating their forest-mantled slopes, of wrestling one's way through the almost inpenetrable defenses of scrub spruce and fir that part those wooded bastions from the treeless, rock-strewn wastes over which one toilsomely attains the summit—these were the real occasion of the founding of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Long before 1876, however, such experiences had exerted their spell on elect representatives of sturdy New England stock, as is witnessed, among others, in an article on "An Ascent of Mount Katahdin," recently republished in "Appalachia," written in his early manhood (1841) by the veteran Bostonian whose eightieth anniversary has just been so notably observed. It was not incongruous that in 1895 the Rev. Edward E. Hale should hold the presidency of the Appalachian Club. But, save in beaten paths, visitations of these forest-girt mountains, even after the railroad rendered them accessible, were few and far between. In view of the intimate knowledge now extant concerning the White Mountain region, it seems almost incredible that only so short a time ago it was a *terra incognita*, excepting to a few timber-surveyors. To my amazement, ten years after my own earliest visits to Mount Passaconaway, a peak of the Sandwich range, so near to civilization as now to be ascended annually by scores, having occasion to enlist the services of the neighboring farmers to build a path up the mountain, I could find but a single man in all the countryside, and he "a mighty hunter," who had ever stood upon its summit. And so for many years the White Mountains continued to furnish a satisfactory field for the efforts of the Club's most strenuous members. Narratives of these fresh ascents formed the principal material for those monthly meetings at the Institute of Technology, in which there has never once been a break from October to June during the quarter-century and more of the Club's existence. Occasionally these reports would be varied by the story of some member back from the Swiss Alps, or of some high ascent of a giant Colorado peak. Such papers were received as *hors concours*, very much as a few evenings ago, when Sir Martin Conway, the President of the Alpine Club, delightfully described his attaining to 23,000 feet in the Karakoram Himalayas.

But comparatively recently, not until as late as 1890, was it realized that a magnificent new Switzerland lay awaiting exploration and conquest by ambitious man hardly more than four days' journey from our Eastern cities—the superb Alps of British Columbia and Alberta, into whose inmost recesses the newly completed Canadian Pacific Railway had just opened a ready access. The successful ascent of Mount Sir Donald, accomplished that year by the Swiss climbers Huber and Sulzer, and reported upon by the former at one of the

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ACROSS THE SNOW SLOPE OF EAGLE PEAK

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meetings of the Club, may be regarded as first having opened our eyes to the fact that an unpre-empted field for true Alpine mountaineering had been discovered on this side of the Atlantic. Stories of its wild grandeur exercised a similar fascination over a few enterprising members of the English club, which, by the way, during these latter years has developed a marked proclivity for exploration in the unknown portions of the earth, so that to be a mere climber confers only a secondary distinction among its members. Thrice has Dr. J. N. Collie, one of its most distinguished members, visited the Canadian Alps, and his reports have widely extended the knowledge of the yet more magnificent scenery, with still loftier peaks, lying a hundred miles and more northward from the railway. The Continental clubs have also been represented in Mr. Jean Habel, of Berlin, who, in his first visit, in 1897, explored the Yoho Valley, with its grand waterfalls vying with those of the Yosemite, and last season carried to the highest sources of the Athabasca the investigations begun by Collie. Greater proximity for Americans, however, has had its advantages, and the Appalachian Mountain Club has furnished the larger number of these parties, though less bent upon exploration than climbing. Since 1893 no year has passed in which the Club has not been represented by one or more groups in this field, and many virgin peaks are inscribed on its scroll, from Mount Hector (11,200 feet), scaled by our pioneer trio in 1895, to Mount Vaux and Chancellor Peak, accomplished by a group of four in 1901. An impossible hundred feet (impossible, at least, in the then condition of its snow cornice) prevented this latter party from adding to its list the wonderful soaring spire of defiant Goodsir. In company with a contingent of Alpine Club men, the two grand summits of Lefroy and Victoria were vanquished in 1897, and the great Waputehk snowfield first visited from its eastern side, as it had been approached first on the west by Habel a few weeks previously. In an attempt upon Mount Lefroy in the preceding year occurred the only fatality that thus far has saddened the record of the Club's achievements, in which a precious life of unusual promise—that of Philip Abbot—ended with the sunset of his most enthusiastic day. All the peaks just mentioned are in the Canadian Rockies proper. In the Selkirks, equally fine mountains lying farther west, Mount Rogers, the peer of Sir Donald, and Mount Dawson, the highest of the range so far as is known, not to mention lesser peaks, have been removed from the list of unscaled summits by Appalachian Club parties.

Though much nearer, of course, to the mountaineering centers of the Pacific coast, these alpine ranges of Canada have never attracted climbers from these regions. For the members of the San Francisco Club the High Sierras have continued to offer a rich field for exploration and adventure, though the characteristic alpine features of snow and ice are wanting. The familiar snowy giants of the Cascade range never lose their charm for the "Mazamas," though occasionally the more inaccessible fastnesses of the fine Olympic mountains allure their more inquisitive spirits.

But if it is a long way from Boston to genuine alps, the shifting seasons work a miracle and change the nearer field of the Club's climbing into a temporary alpineland. Though the broad back of Mount Washington under its thick blanket of winter snow does not offer the exciting possibilities of the real *névé* with its "crevasses" and "bergschrunds," still the headwalls of its vast ravines, buried deep under the drifted masses, furnish steep "curtains" on which the exhilarating pleasures of snow-climbing may be greatly enjoyed. For those who do not care to venture so high, the superb snowshoeing in the silent forest, with peeps into exquisite frost interiors under the drooping hemlocks, or the dazzling sights of soft snow craters in whose bottom lies the unfrozen surface of some deep pool of an else obliterated summer brook, offer other allurements to the White Mountains in winter that are almost as inviting as their summer charms. It was with the year 1890 that these winter excursions first began, which meantime have become a regular institution of the Club. The principal one is usually made in February, at a time when everything is most completely in the grasp of the frost-king. Various forms of seasonable sports are enjoyed to the full during the sojourn of a week or more at such well-known resorts

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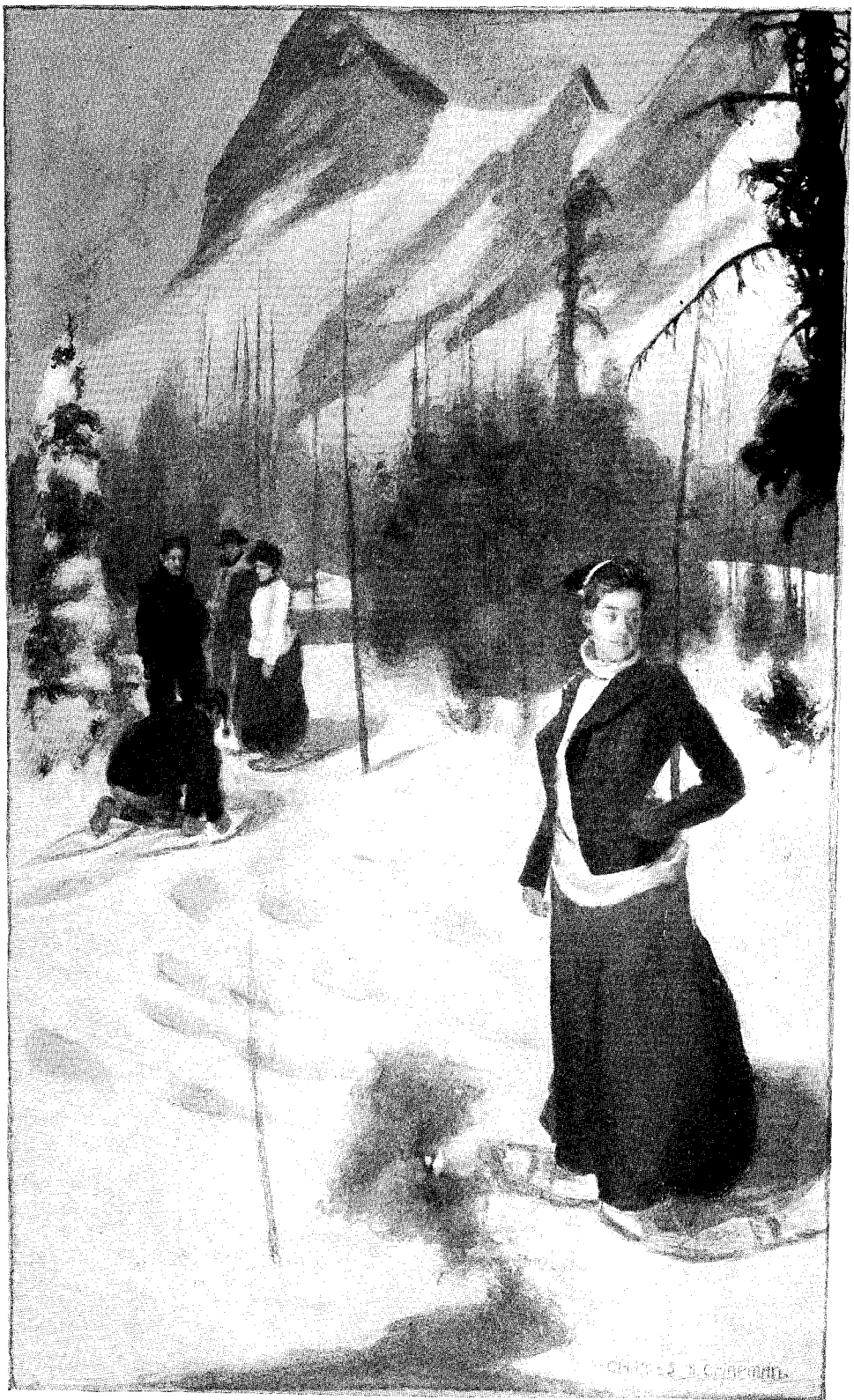

JUST BEFORE REACHING THE HARDEST PART OF THE CLIMB

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as Jackson and Waterville (N. H.), and Woodstock, Vt. These winter trips are under the auspices of the "Snowshoe Section," which has a membership of 163. Attended at first by comparatively few, they are now nearly as popular as the leading summer field-meeting. That of the present year was participated in by more than a hundred persons, of whom about a third were of what used to be known as "the weaker sex." It may be said casually that these societies have contributed much toward rendering that designation obsolescent.

The excursion naturally holds a prominent place in the life of such organizations. The "Mazamas," as we have seen, started in one. In the earliest scheme of the Appalachian Club provision was made for "field-meetings"—assemblies among the mountains at which papers should be presented, as during the winter months at home. The simulacrum of this literary feature is still kept up, for never was a society more tenacious of its good traditions. But excursions pure and simple grow more and more numerous. The annual reports of the committee in charge of them grow more voluminous, that in the last issue of "Appalachia" filling some ten closely printed octavo pages. It records nine excursions to distant points, participated in by more than five hundred persons, and forty-six "outings"—single-day or half-day trips to near-by places—with a total attendance of over seventeen hundred. (Of course the number of different individuals is far smaller, no record of repetitions being kept.) The first excursion of this character under the auspices of the Sierra Club was made last summer to the Tuolumne Meadows in the Yosemite neighborhood. One hundred persons were of the party. An eloquent commentary upon its success is the fact that fifty new memberships in the Club resulted from it.

If the pleasure to be derived from membership in such organizations is plainly the principal reason for their rapid growth, when grown their power for wider good becomes almost incalculable. There is a direct benefit to society through their influence on the individual. The cultivation of the love of nature is an æsthetic education, and, like that of music and art, contributes to the higher level of civilization. But, in America in particular, these societies have contributed in a very tangible and practical way to the public good. A love of wild nature presupposes a profound interest in those movements that look to the preservation for public enjoyment and health of those naturally beautiful places in our immediate surroundings for which the spirit of commercialism cares nothing and would not scruple to destroy. In good works of this kind all these clubs have borne a helpful part. Recent progress in public opinion has been very great. It seems almost beyond belief that so much has been accomplished within a dozen years. Not only has the public mind been aroused to the importance of preserving large forest domains, but the desirability of maintaining or recovering for the benefit of the people wild tracts in the neighborhood of dense centers of population has become an accepted tenet of civic faith. In the propaganda of these ideas in the vicinity of Boston the Appalachian Club took a most effective initiative, the results of which have already been far-reaching. To a person walking or driving through the park system of Greater Boston, where, from some high spot that for wildness well might seem a hundred miles from a great city, he catches an inspiring glimpse of Mount Wachusett, or even distant Monadnock, a reminder would not be out of place that his present enjoyment was primarily due to the efforts of this mountain club. It was in that very May of 1890 that the Council of the Society, by calling a meeting of those interested in the preservation of scenery and historical sites in Massachusetts, unconsciously took the first step toward the creation (in January, 1893) of the Metropolitan Parks Commission, which since, at an expenditure of over $10,000,000, has secured in perpetuity for the enjoyment of the public what in a densely populated region may justly be called a vast woodland tract, that will grow more and more beautiful with the years. The successful advocacy of this public measure later led the Club to exert its influence in wider fields, to interest itself in forestry in its relation to social welfare, and to acquire holdings of its own. Of these it now has several in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. This new departure, dating from 1893, led to

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securing an extension of the Club's charter and to the creation of a Board of Trustees of Real Estate. Of this responsible committee of five, four are ex-Presidents of the Society and the fifth (*ex officio*) is its Councilor of Exploration and Forestry. Conservative management has won the confidence of several persons owning tracts of land which they desired to convey to the public as parks or forest reserves. Such are the reservation of some two hundred acres in North Woodstock, N. H., set apart by Miss Sarah B. Fay as a memorial to her father; the famous view-point at Lead Mine Bridge in Shelburne, a tract of several acres given by Miss Anne Whitney; the summit of Mount Grace at Warwick, Mass., a gift from the Stevens family; and the very recent acquisition of a tract of land in Carlisle, Mass., purchased at a cost of $1,600, with funds subscribed by persons interested in the preservation of a notable grove of ancient pines growing upon it—trees of a majestic type that is growing rare in New England. The work that the Appalachian Club is doing here has been paralleled by the Sierra Club and the Mazamas, the former championing the preservation of the giant sequoias of their State and the upholding of the laws against the destructive herding of sheep in the public reservations, the latter foremost in securing as a National reserve Mount Rainier and the great forest tract from which it majestically springs.

But to return from these greater enterprises to the less ambitious ones that the Appalachian Club had in view when it declared it one of its purposes to "encourage the opening of new paths, the clearing of summits from which views may be obtained, and other improvements." This was to be not for its members simply, but for all frequenters of the mountains. A special officer of the governing board or Council of the Club—its Councilor of Improvements—has such work in charge, and the ceaseless activity of Nature to heal even the faithful wounds of man's hand renders his office no sinecure. The seventy-five miles of paths, largely through dense woods, that represent the Club's activity in this department, are maintained only at the cost of continuous oversight and no small sum in money. Few summits have been cleared, for a compromise between the eager sightseer and the lovers of undesecrated Nature has led to the mere opening of vistas or the construction of outlooks on the few forested summits to which paths have been made. The Club early began the building of log camps at high elevations, as convenient stopping-places for parties desiring to make leisurely ascents or to enjoy a night or two in the strangeness of the wilderness. Time and the elements destroy even the best of these structures in a few years, and the demands of the exorbitant camp-fires make marked inroads upon the forest immediately about them. Then a new lodge must be built, and perhaps in a new location. Besides these "camps," which are entirely for the convenience and pleasure of mountain-lovers, the safety of the wanderer far above tree-line has called for the building of a few more substantial structures, which are intended primarily as "refuges." Such are the stone hut in the depression between Mount Madison and Mount Adams, at an altitude of nearly five thousand feet, and the carefully built wooden shelter, capable of defending from the stress of the elements a dozen persons, if need be, erected last season at the southern base of the cone of Mount Washington, near the scene of the sad casualty of June 30, 1900, in which two strong climbers lost their lives in a terrible ice-storm.

Of a more private character is another of the latest enterprises in the way of camp construction—the new club-house on Three Mile Island in Lake Winnepesaukee, not far from Center Harbor—an evidence of the spirit of comradeship that such an association cannot fail to foster, especially among those who are most constant in their attendance upon its excursions. And so, within the membership that is now well started towards its second thousand, there is an inner circle of perhaps seventy-five or a hundred—its limits are too indefinite for statement—who know each other more intimately, and are glad to be together. The donation by a member of the Club of several acres of land upon one of the wooded islands of that beautiful lake, and the selection of this spot for one of the summer camps, resulted in the acquisition of the entire island (some forty acres), and the building upon it of a convenient bungalow and the

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necessary boat-houses for sheltering the little flotilla of those who, for a few weeks in the summer-time, pitch their tents by the lakeside. The few thousands requisite for this luxury were readily raised by subscription among those interested, but the title to the property was vested in the Club's Trustees of Real Estate for the general good.

It is evident that the alpine club idea has undergone a manifold development under diverse social and geographical conditions. Even in England, the land of precedent, it is, as we have said, no longer quite the same. The exhausting of new peaks in Switzerland, and even of new ways of scaling otherwise hackneyed ones, has led to that reaching out after the prizes that reluctant Nature has hitherto kept concealed in the uttermost parts of the earth. Here again the joy of first discovery is held superior to that of winning the laurels of a first ascent. In other countries the distinction between alpine clubs and "tourist clubs," as some are called, seems to be made without a real difference.

In forecasting the future of these organizations in America it may be assumed that they will continue to exist and thrive as long as the interest in Nature shall continue active. That a recession of the present flood-tide is probable will be admitted by any one who has studied our National temperament, even though the admission implies that this enthusiasm is to some extent a fad. Nevertheless the constant recurrence of the idea of a return to Nature is conclusive testimony that such societies have a basis of permanence as firm, perhaps, as that of any human institution. What will be most characteristic in them it may not be so easy to foresee. We may infer, however, that the future will not witness a large return to the perfect expression of the idea from which they sprang, to genuine alpinism, worthy as it is of being fostered and helpful as it might become to society and the State. Its contempt of hardships, its acceptance of a certain element of personal danger to be averted by judgment and coolness, its alluring invitation to conquest in which the heart need not harden as it exultantly strengthens in tenacity of purpose, render it not only the king of sports for strenuous man, but the one theoretically the best adapted to develop fearless leaders. But, even with the discovery of our new Switzerland, the opportunity is too remote to be availed of save by the few. It is very probable that lovers of true alpinism will become differentiated in a distinct society; indeed, at the present moment the organization of an American Alpine Club is practically consummated—a society differing from all predecessors in that its sphere of interest will embrace the kindred field of polar exploration. It will not become the rival of any of the existing societies; on the other hand, loyal supporters of these will furnish a considerable contingent of its membership. The larger organizations will continue in the future, as in the past, a means for bringing the dwellers in cities face to face with such forms of natural beauty and grandeur as may be accessible to the many. As the mountain will remain at once the grandest and most inspiring of the manifestations of nature, it is probable that the resort to these shrines will yield the most satisfying answer to the longing for something more uplifting than our workaday surroundings, and we may presume that the vanquisher of lofty summits in distant lands will remain the most perfect exponent of two deeply rooted human sentiments—the love of nature and the search for the unknown.

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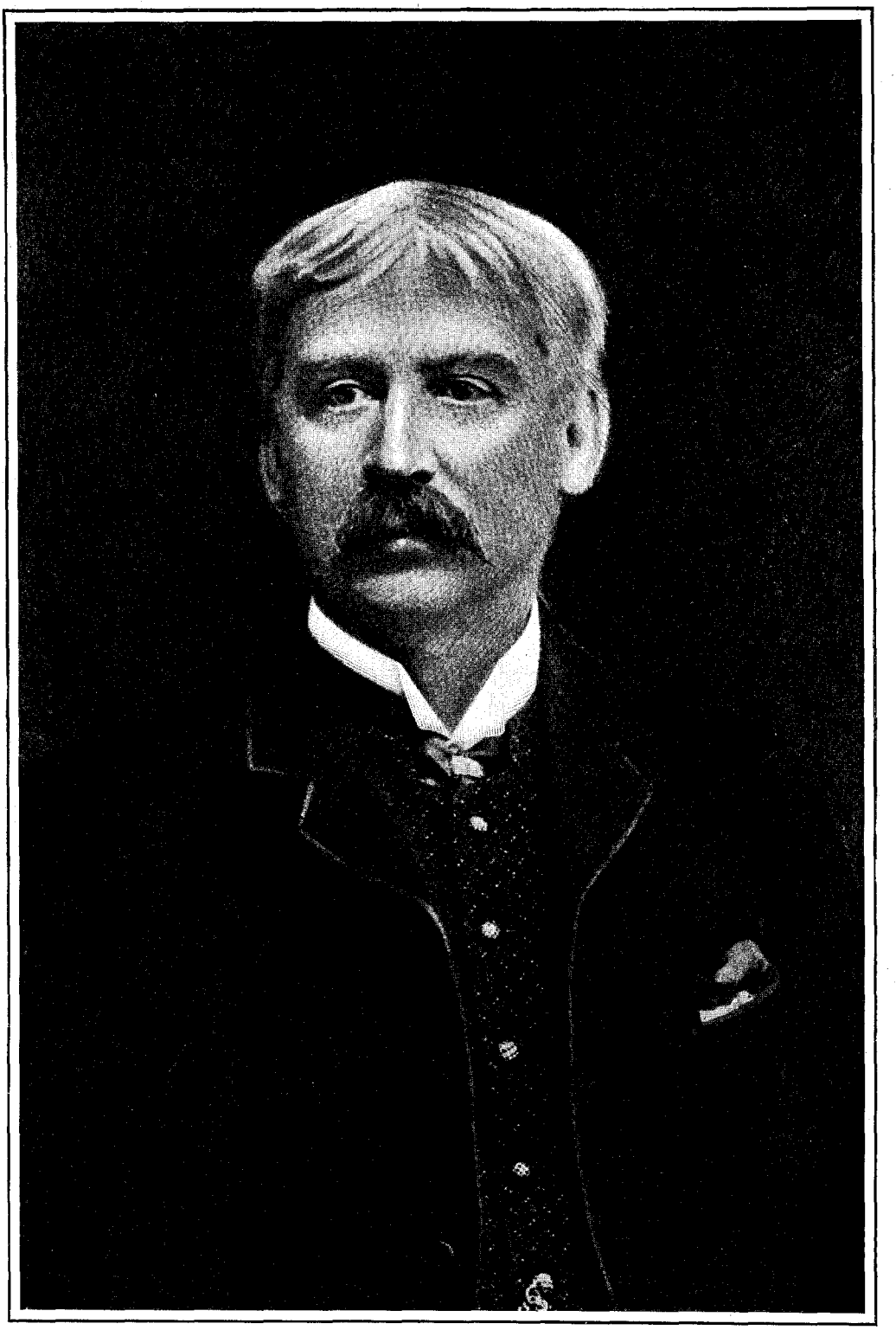

FRANCIS BRET HARTE
Died May 5, 1902

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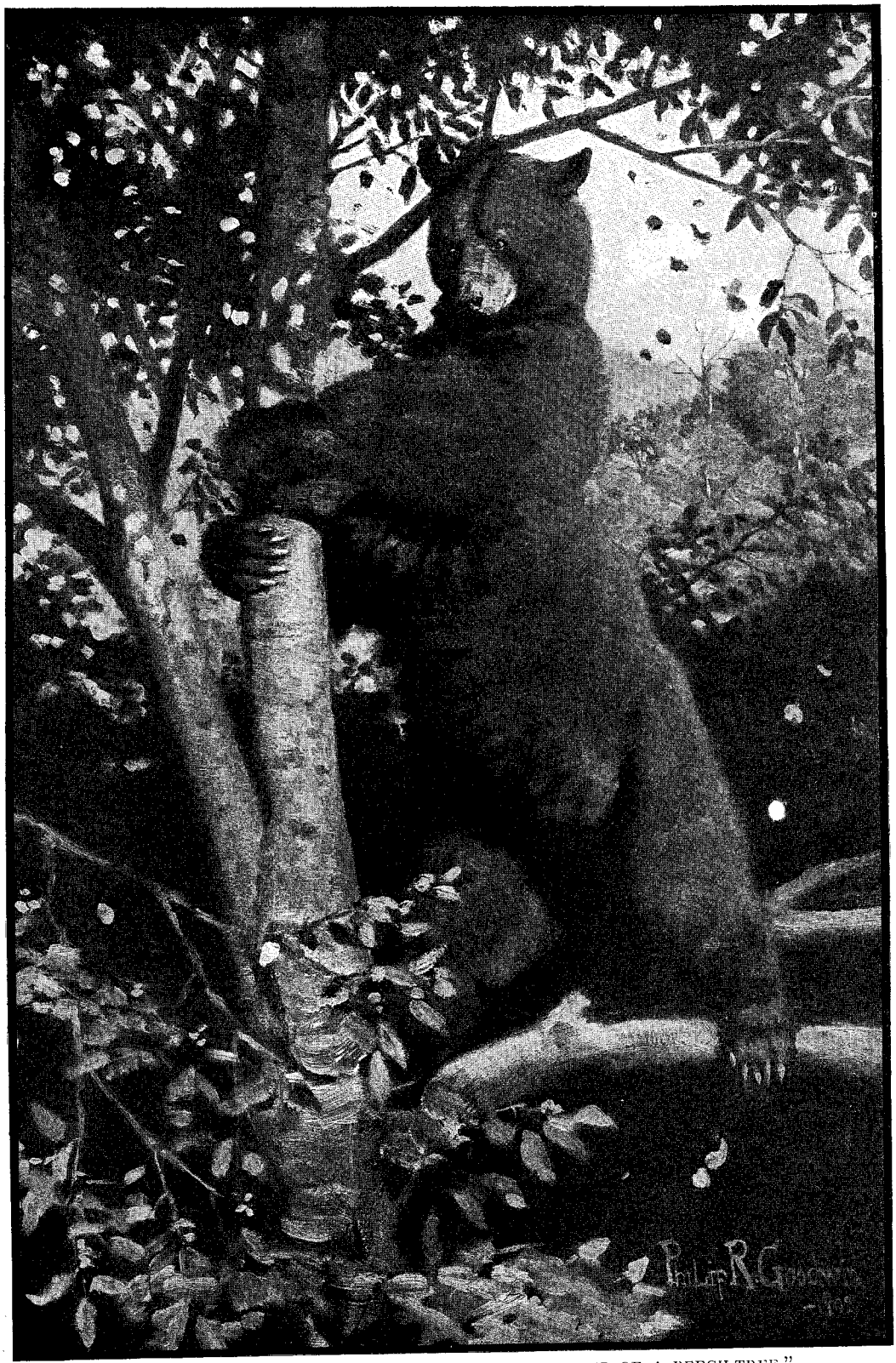

"YOU WILL FIND MOOWEEN STANDING ON A BIG LIMB OF A BEECH-TREE"

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WHEN YOU MEET A BEAR

BY WILLIAM J. LONG

Author of "Secrets of the Woods," "Beasts of the Field," "Fowls of the Air," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

THERE are always two surprises when you meet a bear. You have one and he has the other. On your tramps and camps in the big woods you may be on the lookout for Mooween; you may be eager and even anxious to meet him: but when you double the point or push into the blueberry patch and, suddenly, there he is, blocking the path ahead, looking straight into your eyes to fathom at a glance your intentions, then, I fancy, the experience is like that of people who have the inquisitive habit of looking under their beds nightly for a burglar, and at last find him there, stowed away snugly, just where they always expected him to be.

Mooween, on his part, is always looking for you, when once he has learned that you have moved into his woods. But not from any desire to see you! He is like a lazy man looking for work, and hoping devoutly that he may not find it. A bear has very little curiosity—less than any other of the wood folk. He loves to be alone; and so, when he goes hunting for you, to find out just where you are, it is always with the creditable desire to leave you in as large a room as possible, while he himself goes quietly away into deeper solitudes. As this desire of his is much stronger than your mere idle curiosity to see something new, you rarely see Mooween, even where he is most at home. And that is but another bit of the poetic justice which you stumble upon everywhere in the wilderness.

It is more and more evident, I think, that Nature adapts her gifts, not simply to the necessities, but more largely to the desires, of her creatures. The force and influence of that intense desire—more intense because, usually, each animal has but one—we have not learned to measure. "Will the unicorn be willing to serve thee, or will he abide by thy crib?" would seem to be the secret of that free life "whose home is the wilderness," if one were quoting Scripture to prove an unprovable theory, as is sometimes our pleasant and unanswerable theological habit. The owl has a silent wing, not simply because he needs it—for his need is no greater than that of the hawk, who has no silent wing—but, more probably, because of his whole-hearted desire for silence as he glides through the silent twilight. And so with the panther's foot; and so with the deer's eye, and the wolf's nose, whose one idea of bliss is a good smell; and so with every other strongly marked gift which the wild things have won from nature, chiefly by wanting it, in the long years of their development.

This theory may possibly account for some of Mooween's peculiarities. Nature, who measures her gifts according to the desires of her creatures, remembers his love of peace and solitude, and endows him accordingly. He cares little to see you or anybody else; therefore his eyes are weak—his weakest point, in fact. He desires ardently to avoid your society and all society but his own; therefore his nose and ears are marvelously alert to discover your coming. Often, when you think yourself quite alone in the woods, Mooween is there. The wind has told your story to his nose; the clatter of your heedless feet long ago reached his keen ears, and he vanishes at your approach, leaving you to your noise and inquisitiveness and the other things you like. His gifts of concealment are so much greater than your powers of detection that he has absolutely no thought of ever seeing you. His surprise, therefore, when you do meet unexpectedly is correspondingly greater than yours.

What he will do, under the unusual circumstances, depends largely, not upon himself, but upon you. With one exception, his feelings are probably the reverse of your own. If you are bold, he is timid as a rabbit; if you are panic-stricken, he knows exactly what to do; if you are fearful, he has no fear; if you are inquisitive, he is instantly shy; and, like all other wild

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"RISING ON THEIR HIND LEGS . . . ON THE INSTANT THAT SHE RISES"

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creatures, he has an almost uncanny way of understanding your thought. It is as if, in that intent, penetrating gaze of his, he saw your soul turned inside out for his inspection. The only exception is when you meet him without fear or curiosity, with the desire simply to attend to your own affairs, as if he were a stranger and an equal. That rare mental attitude he understands perfectly—for is it not his own?—and he goes his way quietly, as if he had not seen you.

For every chance meeting Mooween seems to have a plan of action ready, which he applies without a question or an instant's hesitation. Make an unknown sound behind him, as he plods along the shore, and he hurls himself headlong into the cover of the bushes, as if your voice had touched a button that released a coiled spring beneath him. Afterwards he may come back to find out what frightened him. Sit perfectly still, and he rises on his hind legs for a look and a long sniff to find out who you are. Jump at him with a yell and a flourish the instant he appears, and he will hurl chips and dirt back at you as he digs his toes into the hillside for a better grip and scrambles away, whimpering like a scared puppy.

Once in a lifetime, as you steal through the autumn woods or hurry over the trail, you may hear sudden loud rustlings and shakings on the hardwood ridge above you, as if a small cyclone were perched there for a while, amusing itself among the leaves before blowing on. Then, if you steal up toward the sound, you will find Mooween standing on a big limb of a beech-tree, grasping the narrowing trunk above with his powerful forearms, tugging and pushing mightily to shake down the ripe beechnuts. The rattle and dash of the falling fruit are such music to Mooween's ears that he will not hear the rustle of your approach, nor the twig that snaps under your careless foot.

If you cry aloud now, under the hilarious impression that you have him sure, at last, there is another surprise awaiting you. And that suggests a bit of advice, which is most pertinent: don't stand under the bear when you cry out. If he is a little fellow, he will shoot up the tree, faster than ever a jumping-jack went up his stick, and hide in a cluster of leaves, as near the top as he can get. But if he is a big bear, he will tumble down on you before you know what has happened. No slow climbing for him; none of the halting and looking and searching of the rough bark with his claws for a better grip, which mark his usual cautious descent. He just lets go and comes down by gravitation. As Uncle Remus says—who has some keen knowledge of animal ways under his story-telling humor—"Brer B'ar, he scramble 'bout half-way down de bee tree, en den he turn eve'ything loose en hit de groun' *kerbiff!* Look like 'twuz nuff ter jolt de life out'n 'im."

Somehow it never does jolt the life out of him, notwithstanding his great weight; nor does it interfere in any way with his speed of action, which is like lightning, the instant he touches the ground. Like the coon, who can fall from an incredible distance without hurting himself, Mooween comes down perfectly limp, falling on himself like a great cushion; but the moment he strikes, all his muscles seem to contract at once, and he bounds off like a rubber ball into the densest bit of cover at hand.

Twice have I seen him come down in this way. The first time there were two cubs, nearly full-grown, in a tree. One went up at our shout; the other came down with such startling suddenness that the man who stood ready with his rifle to shoot the bear jumped for his life to get out of the way; and before he had blinked the astonishment out of his eyes Mooween was gone, leaving only a violent nodding of the ground-spruces to tell what had become of him.

All these plans of ready action in Mooween's head, for the rare occasions when he meets you unexpectedly, are the result of careful training by his mother. If you should ever have the good fortune to watch a mother bear and her cubs, when they have no idea that you are near them, you will note two characteristic things. First, when they are traveling—and Mooween is the most restless tramp in all the woods—you will see that the cubs follow the mother closely and imitate her every action with ludicrous exactness—sniffing where she sniffs, jumping where she jumps, rising on their hind legs, with forearms hanging loosely and pointed noses thrust sharp up into the wind, on the instant that she rises, and then drawing silently away from the shore into the

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shelter of the friendly alders when some subtle warning tells the mother's nose that the coast ahead is not perfectly clear. So they learn to sift the sounds and smells of the wilderness, and to govern their actions accordingly. And, second, when they are playing, you will see that the mother watches the cubs' every action as keenly as they watched hers an hour ago. She will sit flat on her haunches, her fore paws planted between her outstretched hind legs, her great head on one side, noting every detail of their boxing and wrestling and climbing, as if she had shown them once how it ought to be done, and were watching now to see how well they remembered their lessons. And, now and then, one or the other of the cubs receives a sound cuffing; for which I am unable to account, except on the theory that he was doing something contrary to his plain instructions.

It is only when Mooween meets some new object, or some circumstance entirely outside of his training, that instinct and native wit are set to work; and then you see, for the first time, some trace of hesitation on the part of this self-confident prowler of the big woods. Once I startled him on the shore, whither he had come to get the fore quarters of a deer that had been left there. He jumped for cover at the first alarm without even turning his head, just as he had seen his mother do a score of times, when he was a cub. Then he stopped, and for three or four seconds considered the danger in plain sight—a thing I have never seen any other bear imitate. He wavered for a moment more, doubtful whether my canoe were swifter than he and more dangerous. Then, satisfied that at least he had a good chance, he jumped back, grabbed the deer and dragged it away into the woods.

Another time I met him on a narrow path, where he could not pass me, and where he did not want to turn back, for something ahead was calling him strongly. That short meeting furnished me the best study in bear nature and bear instinct that I have ever been allowed to make. It was marvelously interesting for a moment; but, at this distance, I have small desire to repeat the experience.

It was on the Little Sou'west Miramichi, a very wild river, in the heart of the wilderness. Just above my camp was a salmon pool that, so far as I know, had never been fished. One bank of the river was an almost sheer cliff, against which the current fretted and hissed in a strong, deep rush to the rapids and a great silent pool far below. There were salmon under the cliff, plenty of them, balancing themselves against the arrowy run of the current; but, so far as my flies were concerned, they might as well have been in the Yukon. One could not fish from the opposite shore—there was no room for a back cast, and the current was too deep and swift for wading—and on the shore where the salmon were there was no place to stand. If I had had a couple of good Indians, I might have dropped down to the head of the swift water and fished, while they held the canoe with poles braced on the bottom; but I had no two good Indians, and the one I did have was unwilling to take the risk. So we went hungry, almost within sight and sound of the plunge of heavy fish fresh run from the sea.

One day, in following a porcupine to see where he was going, I found a narrow path running for a few hundred yards along the side of the cliff, just over where the salmon loved to lie, and not more than thirty feet above the swift rush of water. I went there with my rod and, without attempting to cast, dropped my fly into the current and paid out line from my reel. When the line straightened, I raised the rod's tip and set my fly dancing and skittering across the surface to an eddy behind a great rock. In a flash I had raised and struck a twenty-five-pound fish; and in another flash he had gone straight downstream in the current, where from my precarious seat I could not control him. Down he went, leaping wildly high out of water, in a glorious rush, till all my line buzzed out of the reel, clean down to the knot at the bottom, and the leader snapped as if it had been made of spider's web.

I reeled in sadly, debating with myself the unanswerable question of how I should ever have reached down thirty feet to gaff my salmon, had I played him to a standstill. Then, because human nature is weak, I put on a stronger, double leader and dropped another fly into the current. I might not get my salmon; but it was worth the price of the leader just to raise him from the deeps and see his terrific rush downstream, jumping, jumping, as if

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the witch of Endor were astride of his tail in lieu of her broomstick.

A lively young grilse plunged headlong at my fly and, thanks to my strong leader, I played him out in the current and led him listlessly, all the jump and fight gone out of him, to the foot of the cliff. There was no way at hand to get down; so, taking my line in hand, I began to lift him bodily up. He came easily enough till his tail cleared the water; then the wiggling, jerky strain was too much. The fly pulled out, and he vanished with a final swirl and slap of his broad tail to tell me how big he was.

Just below me a boulder lifted its head and shoulders out of the swirling current. With the canoe line I might easily let myself down to that rock and make sure of my next fish. Getting back would be harder; but salmon are worth some trouble; so I left my rod and started back to camp. It was late afternoon, and I was hurrying along the path, giving chief heed to my feet in the ticklish walking, with the cliff above and the river below, when a loud *Hoowuff!* brought me up with a shock. There, at a turn in the path, not ten yards ahead, stood a big bear, calling unmistakable Halt! and blocking me in as completely as if the mountain had toppled over before me.

There was no time to think; the shock and scare were too great. I just gasped *Hoowuff!* instinctively, as the bear had shot it out of his deep lungs a moment before, and stood stock-still, as he was doing. He was startled, as well as I. That was the only thing that I was sure about.

I suppose that in each of our heads, at first, there was just one thought: "I'm in a fix; how shall I get out?" And in his training or mine there was absolutely nothing to suggest an immediate answer. He was anxious, evidently, to go on. Something, a mate, perhaps, must be calling him up river; else he would have whirled and vanished at the first alarm. But how far might he presume on the big animal's timidity who stood before him blocking the way, and whom he had stopped with his *Hoowuff!* before he should get too near? That was his question, plainly enough. There was no snarl or growl, no savageness in his expression; only intense wonder and questioning in the look which fastened upon my face and seemed to bore its way through, to find out just what I was thinking.

I met his eyes squarely with mine and held them, which was perhaps the most sensible thing I could have done; though it was all unconscious on my part. In the brief moment that followed I did a lot of thinking. There was no escape, up or down; I must go on or turn back. If I jumped forward with a yell, as I had done before under different circumstances, would he not rush at me savagely, as all wild creatures do when cornered? No, the time for that had passed with the first instant of our meeting. The bluff would now be too apparent; it must be done without hesitation, or not at all. If I turned back, he would follow me to the end of the ledge, growing bolder as he came on; and beyond that it was dangerous walking, where he had all the advantage and all the knowledge of his ground. Besides, it was late, and I wanted a salmon for my supper.

I have wondered since how much of this hesitation he understood; and how he came to the conclusion, which he certainly reached, that I meant him no harm, but only wanted to get on and was not disposed to give him the path. All the while I looked at him steadily, until his eyes began to lose their intentness. My hand slipped back and gripped the handle of my hunting-knife. Some slight confidence came with the motion; though I would certainly have gone over the cliff and taken my chances in the current, rather than have closed with him, with all his enormous strength, in that narrow place. Suddenly his eyes wavered from mine; he swung his head to look down and up; and I knew that I had won the first move—and the path also, if I could keep my nerve.

I advanced a step or two very quietly, still looking at him steadily. There was a suggestion of white teeth under his wrinkled chops; but he turned his head to look back over the way he had come, and presently he disappeared. It was only for a moment; then his nose and eyes were poked cautiously by the corner of rock. He was peeking to see if I were still there. When the nose vanished again I stole forward to the turn and found him just ahead, looking down the cliff to see if there were any other way below.

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He was uneasy now; a low, whining growl came floating up the path. Then I sat down on a rock, squarely in the path, and for the first time some faint suggestion of the humor of the situation gave me a bit of consolation. I began to talk to him, not humorously, but as if he were a Scotchman and open only to argument. "You're in a fix, Mooween, a terrible fix," I kept saying to him softly; "but if you had only stayed at home till twilight, as a bear ought to do, we would be happy now, both of us. You have put me in a fix, too, you see; and now you've just got to get me out of it. I'm not going back. I don't know the path as well as you do. Besides, it will be dark soon, and I would probably break my neck. It's a shame, Mooween, to put any gentleman in such a fix as I am in this minute, just by your blundering carelessness. Why didn't you smell me, anyway, as any but a fool bear would have done, and take some other path over the mountain? Why don't you climb that spruce now and get out of the way?"

I have noticed that all wild animals grow uneasy at the sound of the human voice, speaking however quietly. There is in it something deep, unknown, mysterious beyond all their powers of comprehension; and they go away from it quickly whenever they can. I have a theory also that all animals, wild and domestic, understand more of our mental attitude than we give them credit for; and the theory gains rather than loses strength whenever I think of Mooween on that narrow pass. I can see him now, turning, twisting uneasily, and the half-timid look in his eyes as they met mine furtively, as if ashamed; and again the low, troubled whine comes floating up the path and mingles with the rush and murmur of the salmon pool below.

A bear hates to be outdone, as much as a fox does. If you catch him in a trap, he never growls nor fights nor resists, as lynx and otter and almost all other wild creatures do. He has outwitted you and shown his superiority so often that he is utterly overwhelmed and crushed when you find him, at last, helpless and outdone. He seems to forget all his great strength, all his frightful power of teeth and claws. He just lays his head down between his paws, turns his eyes aside, and refuses to look at you or to let you see how ashamed he is. That is what you are chiefly conscious of, nine times out of ten, when you find a bear or a fox held fast in your trap; and something of that was certainly in Mooween's look and actions now, as I sat there in his path, enjoying his confusion.

Near him a spruce-tree sprang out of the rocks and reached upward to a ledge far above. Slowly he raised himself against this, but turned to look at me again, sitting quietly in his own path, that he could no longer consider his, and smiling at his discomfiture as I remember how ashamed he is to be outdone. Then an electric shock seemed to hoist him out of the trail. He shot up the tree in a succession of quick, nervous, jerky jumps, rising with astonishing speed for so huge a creature, smashing the little branches, ripping the rough bark with his great claws, sending down a clattering shower of chips and dust behind him, till he reached the level of the ledge above and sprang out upon it; where he stopped and looked down to see what I would do next. And there he stayed, his great head hanging over the edge of the rock, looking at me intently till I rose and went quietly down the trail.

It was morning when I came back to the salmon pool. Unlike the mossy forest floor, the hard rock bore no signs to tell me—what I was most curious to know—whether he came down the tree, or found some other way over the mountain. At the point where I had stood when his deep *Hoowuff!* first startled me, I left a big salmon, for a taste of which any bear will go far out of his way. Next morning it was gone; and so it may be that Mooween, on his next journey, found another and a pleasanter surprise awaiting him at the turn of the trail.

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The Story of the Apple-Tree

By Jennette Lee

GRANDPA Tobey sat in the kitchen door. The October sun shone in warm and sweet; but there was a hint of coolness in the air. Grandma Tobey, as she moved about the room washing the breakfast dishes and putting them away, felt it. She glanced now and then toward the open door.

"Ain't you 'fraid you'll ketch cold, pa?" she asked. She came over to where he sat and looked down at him a little anxiously.

"No, I sha'n't." He shut his small lips close and clasped his hands on the top of his cane, leaning forward to peer past her out the door.

"What you looking for, pa?" she asked.

"Nothin' much." The old mouth set closer.

She sighed a little and moved away to the stove. She put in a stick of wood and folded her hands across her apron, looking at him reproachfully and meekly.

"I should think you'd be ashamed—two old men like you," she said. Her voice quavered with sternness.

The old head by the door did not turn.

"It's much as forty years you've kep' it up," she went on, her voice rising.

"Forty-seven," said the old man, quickly. "Forty-seven this spring that tree begun bearin'."

She nodded slowly. "Forty-seven year—and two old men like you a-quarrelin' and a-fightin' over which shall hev the apples. There ain't more'n a bushel or so, anyway."

"Two bushel off my side last year," mumbled the old man. "I don' reckon Roger got more'n a bushel 'n' a half off his'n." He chuckled feebly.

She looked at him with meek sternness. "Two bushel of apples ain't worth forty-seven year of fightin'," she said, virtuously. "It would be different if Patience wa'n't my own sister"—she turned away and rattled among the tins over the sink—"and you and Roger brought up together like brothers—"

"There he is," said the old man, excitedly. "He's coming. Gimme my basket." He stretched out a knotted hand and struggled to his feet. He reached up for his cap on the nail by the door. "Jest hand me that basket," he said, sternly.

She came across the room and handed it to him. It was a peck basket with a swinging handle. The worn rim was mended with stout cord.

She looked at it regretfully. "It's turrible old," she said. "I meant to got to it to mend it some more 'fore you'd hev to use it. You be keerful of it, pa."

The old man made no reply. He seized the handle in his knotted fingers and stumped away down the path to the well. At the well he branched off toward a huge apple-tree. It was a beautiful tree, with

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wide-spreading green branches, among which the red apples glowed.

"They *be* the best apples in the world," sighed Grandma Tobey. She stood in the door, watching the bent figure hobble swiftly toward the stone wall. The apple-tree stood in the middle of the wall, part of its branches overhanging the lot on one side and part on the other.

The lot adjoining was a large one, stretching back, through orchard and meadow, toward a big house in the distance. The white gable could be dimly seen through the trees.

From this house a figure was advancing with swift strides. Grandma Tobey shaded her eyes with her hand and gazed at it wistfully.

"He don't grow old a mite," she murmured. "Them Talcotts never do. It's in the stock. There, now they're at it! I do wish 't Ethan wouldn't be so rash. He's nothin' but an old man. He hadn't o't 'o be climbin' trees his time of life. Ethan!" Her feeble voice rose shrilly. But the sound failed to reach the wall where two old men confronted each other.

"You goin' up?" demanded Grandpa Tobey.

"Not without you do," responded the other, politely. "Age first."

Grandpa Tobey snorted. "Ef I had as many apples as you hev, Roger Talcott—" He pointed a trembling finger toward the distant orchard. It glowed coolly, green and red and yellow, in the hazy light.

The old man turned and gazed at it blandly. "Yes, it's a good orchard," he acquiesced. "But there are no blue pearmains in it. Mrs. Talcott's especially fond of blue pearmains." He reached up a smooth hand and plucked an apple from the bough above his head, gazing at it fondly. "There's nothin' quite so good as a blue pearmain. Is there?" he asked, suggestively, after a pause.

"No, there ain't," retorted Ethan. "An' I should think you'd be ashamed, Roger Talcott, a-stealin' from the mouth of the poor—"

The other raised a white, deprecating hand. "Tut-tut—tut-tut, Ethan!" he said, reprovingly. "Not stealing. No harsh words. Not stealing!"

"Wuss'n stealin'," grumbled Ethan. His red eyes were fixed enviously on the plump apple in the smooth hand.

Roger Talcott looked at it contemplatively. He rubbed it gently on the sleeve of his coat. The red skin glowed transparently in its bluish tinge. He raised it to his lips and set his big teeth firmly into it. A look of satisfaction overspread his face as he chewed.

"The tree is mine," he said. He took another bite. "It was in the deed—you signed it yourself, Ethan—all the farm, except the house lot, *including* trees planted on the division line."

Ethan winced a little. His eyes sought the red branches. "I forgot 'bout the pearmains when I signed," he said, feebly. "I wa'n't quite myself them days, Roger. Ye hedn't o't 'o hold me too tight to what I signed."

"You were drunk a good deal, if that's what you mean," said the other, sternly. "Squandered your substance."

Ethan straightened himself. A flush reddened the wrinkled face. "Well, I ain't drunk now, and I hain't been for forty year; and I kin tell you one thing, Roger Talcott. You've got a heart o' flint—a heart like a stun wall!" His eye rested on the wall between them. Lawyer Gridley's tole me the law," he added, wrathfully. "I kin claim every apple that falls on this side o' that." He laid his hand impressively on the gray stones and glared at his companion.

"You can *not*." The other old man glared back.

Ethan nodded his head slowly. "You try and see. I've done it forty-seven year, and I'll do it every year till I die."

They stood for a full minute, confronting each other slowly. Then they wheeled about, back to back. Roger Talcott began gathering the apples that hung from the lower limbs. Ethan reached up and shook a limb cautiously. Some of the apples that fell he caught in his hands as they dropped. Others he scrambled about for, on his hands and knees. When his basket was filled, he sat down feebly with his back to the wall and waited. Not till the tall figure had disappeared with its well-filled basket among the distant orchard trees did he lift his own basket and hobble stiffly toward the house.

Mrs. Talcott looked up in slow surprise. "Why, Roger—" There was a

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note of reproach in the soft voice. "You haven't been gathering the blue pearmains again?"

The old man stood in the doorway, the basket of bluish-red balls swinging in his hand. His look was half-ashamed and half-triumphant.

His wife clucked softly in her throat. "It is a shame, Roger!" she said, reprovingly. "I have to tell you so every year." She looked thoughtfully at the basket. "It isn't as if we needed 'em," she said.

The old man crossed the room and held out the basket. "Take one," he said, suggestively.

"They *are* about the best apples in the world," she said. She put out her hand.

He nodded triumphantly.

"But the Tobeys are terribly poor." She drew back the hand. "They get poorer every year," she said, softly. "Amanda hasn't had a new bonnet, I don't know when. She and I always used to have bonnets just alike—sisters so." She looked up at him absently. There were little anxious wrinkles around her eyes.

His full lips remained obstinate. "I'd give her a bunnet every year—two on 'em," he said. "It isn't the money. It's the principle—and the apples," he added.

She looked at him sadly. "Well, put 'em in the storeroom, Roger." She spoke with a sigh. She reached out a slow hand to the basket. "I always feel as if I was eating 'Manda's heart," she said. Her teeth sank into the red skin.

He carried the basket away. A few minutes later he put his head into the sitting-room door. "I'm going to the store," he said. "Any errands?"

She looked up with a perplexed, questioning face. She had been thinking about Amanda Tobey's bonnet. It was a brown velvet. The flowers had originally stood up straight along the front of it. It was five years since the last one toppled and fell.

"Any errands?" she repeated slowly. "I don't know—" She roused herself. "Why, yes. You might as well stop at the minister's, and carry a tumbler of jell, and ask how his wife is."

"Be sure to ask if she's any better to-day," she cautioned, as she reappeared with a little basket in her hand. "And carry it careful. I've put in some chicken broth."

Half an hour later Roger Talcott sat in the minister's study, the empty basket on his knees, his hat on the floor beside him, and embarrassment on his face.

The minister twirled the paper-cutter in his fingers, and spoke slowly. "It is really a town scandal, Brother Talcott—a town scandal. You've been neighbors so long, and the families friends for generations, and your wives own sisters." He looked up with a pacific smile.

The face opposite him gave no response.

"It isn't as if Brother Tobey was a rich man," went on the minister, softly. "They don't have—sometimes—I am afraid—they don't have the bare necessities of life."

There was silence in the study. The clock ticked uncomfortably.

Roger Talcott winked fast. "You hadn't ought to let 'em suffer," he said.

"No—?" The minister waited.

"There was a hundred dollars for 'em last year," said Roger at last.

The minister assented with a nod. "Yes, you gave a hundred—and a hundred the year before—and every year since I've been here."

The parishioner looked a little ashamed at the recital of his good deeds. His eyes were fixed on the basket. "How much do they need?" he asked in a low voice. "I don't want Ethan Tobey to suffer—not while I'm a-living."

The minister waited a moment in silence. "That's the hard part of it," he said at last. "Ethan's got a suspicion where the money comes from, and I can't get him to touch another cent—not a cent."

The two men looked at each other. Roger Talcott drew a deep breath. "Well!" he said.

The minister nodded. "He says if it wasn't for the apple-tree, he wouldn't mind. He'd as lief take help from you as not. But as long as that tree stands and as long as you claim the fruit, he'd rather starve than touch a cent of the money." The little minister had grown eloquent.

Roger Talcott stared at him, big and helpless. "What am I going to do?" he asked. "I can't give up the tree. It's mine. It's a matter of principle."

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His mouth set itself obstinately. "If he didn't claim it, I'd give it to him in a minute."

The minister looked at him pityingly. "Shall we make it a matter of prayer, Brother Talcott?" he said, gently.

Roger Talcott looked up rebelliously. After a moment of silence, he deposited the basket on the floor and got down on his knees.

The little minister prayed with earnest fervor for the removal of "this stumbling-block in Zion." He prayed that it might be hewn down—that the lightning might shatter it—or a blight from heaven descend on its fruitful boughs.

When he rose from his knees, a light of resolution glowed in his face. He held out his hand with a winning smile.

"Our prayer shall be answered, Brother Talcott," he said, firmly. "Wait on the Lord—He shall bring it to pass."

But it was with unconvinced face and rebellious shoulders that Roger Talcott picked up his basket and departed.

The next morning, when Grandma Tobey peered out of the small-paned window to see whether there had been a frost in the night, she rubbed her eyes. Then she lifted a corner of her apron and rubbed the window-pane. She crossed the room and sat down by the stove.

"Well!" she said, feebly.

She glanced cautiously toward the bedroom door. Her lips opened. They closed again and she rose from the chair. Drawing her apron over her head and holding the ends in her teeth, she opened the door softly and stepped out.

Half-way down the path to the well she paused. She looked back to the house. She turned swiftly and hurried back.

"Ethan!" she called. Her voice sounded breathless. There was a note of awe in it.

"Ethan!"

The bedroom door opened a crack. "What do you want?"

"You put your clothes on, and come out here, quick."

"What for?"

"I've got somethin' to show you."

"What is it? My j'ints are dretful this mornin'. I can't hurry."

"You'll hurry fast enough when you see it," she responded. The face framed in the apron hem wore a scared, important look.

There was a period of grunts and shuffling from the bedroom, and Grandpa Tobey appeared, hobbling stiffly. "What is it?" he demanded.

"You come with me," she said. She advanced to the door. He followed slowly.

In the door he paused, blinking at the fresh, crisp light. Suddenly he started. A quick sound broke from his lips, and he clutched at the door-casing with faltering fingers. "Where is it?" he demanded, hoarsely.

She had turned back, and stood looking at him flutteringly. "The Lord knows, Ethan," she said, solemnly.

She hurried toward him. "Don't take it that way, Ethan," she pleaded. She bent over him where he sat collapsed on the door-stone.

He lifted a feeble hand and groped at his forehead.

"I can't seem to see it," he gasped.

"It ain't there," she said, with a grim smile. "You get up and come along with me and see what's happened."

Slowly he rose to his feet, stumbling and blind, and laid his hand on her shoulder. Side by side they made their way down the path to the stone wall.

It lay before them, a long line of gray, hard stone. No shadows flecked its surface. No branches shimmered above it in the frosty light. On either side lay a shining pile, glistening in the light—two bluish-red heaps, piled in neat pyramids, exactly alike, apple for apple.

Grandpa Tobey glared at them curiously. He looked down at the heap of apples beside him, and peered across the wall.

"Jest alike," he cackled feebly.

She laid her hand on his arm. "Where is it?" she demanded.

He blinked at empty space. "I dunno," he said.

They advanced together. Not a branch or twig. No sign of litter on the smooth grass. Only in the gray wall the stump of the big tree, and in its top surface the yellow, sweet-smelling disc of freshly cut wood.

"Clean as a whistle," said Grandpa Tobey, vacantly. He ran a knotted finger aiong the surface.

The tears were in Grandma Tobey's

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eyes. "'Twas under that tree ye asked me to marry ye," she said.

He looked at her, brightening. "So 'twas," he said; "so 'twas."

Her glance fell on the distant orchard. She started. "It's Roger," she said. "He's coming!"

Grandpa Tobey looked up quickly. He began to chuckle.

Grandma Tobey shook his arm sternly. "Stop it, Ethan," she said. "Look at his face."

He was coming nearer, waving his arms and shouting something inarticulate.

"What'd you say, Roger?" called Grandma Tobey. She leaned over the wall, gazing at him anxiously.

"Patience!" he gasped. He came up to the wall and reached his hand at her. It trembled fiercely. "Patience's—dying—she wants you—she's dying."

With a cry Grandma Tobey turned. "Do ye hear, Ethan?" she said, imperiously. "She's dyin'. It's Patience! Boost me up!"

Grandpa Tobey bent his stiff back obediently, and she half climbed, half scrambled up the stump of the old tree. Roger Talcott held out a hand as she crawled across the fresh-smelling yellow wood. But she sprang past him. With her apron over her head, the ends held firmly in her set teeth, and tears on her wrinkled cheeks, Grandma Tobey was running toward the big house.

The next moment Roger Talcott hurried after her.

Grandpa Tobey, from the other side of the wall, followed the tall figure with round, incredulous gaze.

"Wal!" he ejaculated. He sat down on a stone near by and drew his hand across his forehead. "Wal!" he repeated, slowly. "He never even knew 'twas gone!"

Two hours later, when Grandma Tobey came slowly back, along the lot, from the big house, a figure was bending over the smooth stump, working at something.

"What you doin', pa?" she called out as she came near.

He glanced up with a startled face. The board in his hands dropped to the ground. "Is she dead?" he said, feebly.

She shook her head. Her eyes were red, and the wrinkled old face trembled.

"How'd you find her?" he demanded.

She looked down. Her throat worked in little gulps. "I've spoke to her," she said at last. She broke off and gazed at him helplessly.

He nodded. "That's good," he said; "that's good. Come in and get suthin' to eat."

She shook her head, still gazing at him. The look had changed to wonder and a kind of hope. "I've spoke to her," she repeated, slowly. "The first time in forty year! She's goin' to live!"

The old eyes smiled back to her. He held out his hand. "Come over the wall, Mandy," he said, gently.

She glanced down with a startled look. "You've made a kind of stile," she said, in pleased surprise.

He nodded proudly. "Come over."

She placed her hand in his, and, lifting her skirts in the other, she mounted to the top of the wall and descended safely on the other side.

The stile on the old apple-tree stump still crosses the wall. On either side a well-worn path leads from a gray, weather-beaten house to the big house whose white gable gleams faintly behind the distant orchard.

On sunny days two old men may be seen sitting on the stile. Sometimes they talk of when they were boys. Sometimes they talk about the old tree.

"Where'd you 'spose it went to, Roger?" demands Grandpa Tobey. It is the hundredth time he has asked the question.

"I don't know, I'm sure," responds Roger Talcott, politely. It is the hundredth time he has answered the question. If his thought turns to the little minister, he never mentions it.

If the little minister and the six big deacons of the Congregational church know what happened to the old tree that night, they have never mentioned it—not even to their wives. For no one has ever been heard to explain how it came about that a large and flourishing tree disappeared from the face of the earth, leaving only two shining piles of bluish-red apples on either side the gray wall and two contented old men seated on a stump in the warm October sun.

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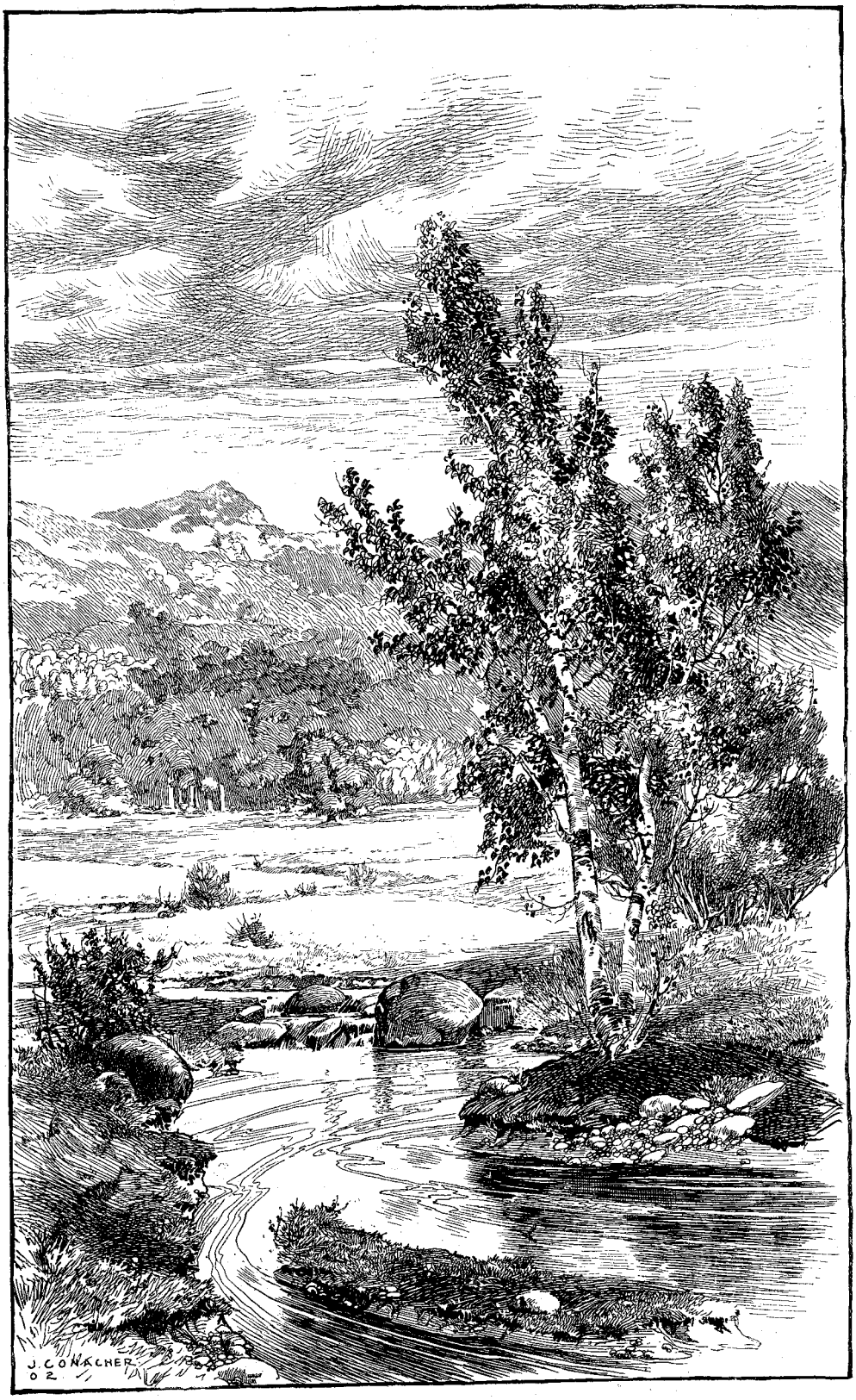

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The Burn

By Henry Johnstone

Pictures by J. Conacher

Go forth upon thy journey, little one,
Make haste and run;
Long miles on miles thy liquid foot must creep
Ere thou have leave to sleep.

Uncounted loops and windings shalt thou pass,
Moistening much grass
And hidden roots of herbs, ere the great sea
Cry out to welcome thee.

By pebble bars, and many a sandy slip
Where wagtails trip,
Thy way lies, till it leads thee to leap down
From rock-shelves bare and brown.

There shalt thou sleep at last, thy toil all done,
Thy long race run,
Shalt sleep, and haply dream forevermore
One sweet dream o'er and o'er.

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CHAWTON, SHOWING THE INN AND JANE AUSTEN'S HOME

Jane Austen's Home

By Josephine Tozier

THE traveler to England who has a day or more to spend among scenes hallowed by gentle literary memories will do well to visit the pretty little village of Chawton, whose houses cluster near the gate of Chawton Manor, in which village, for the last years of her life, Jane Austen made her home. Chawton in Hampshire is within easy walking distance of Alton, a station half-way between London and South Hampton on the Southwestern Railroad. For the cyclist, or the owner of a motor-car, the route, whether down from London or northward from South Hampton, is easy and leads through pleasant ways. Jane Austen lived here to be near her brother, who had inherited the beautiful Elizabethan manor-house in Chawton Park, and here it was she revised "Pride and Prejudice" and wrote her later novels, "Sense and Sensibility," "Northanger Abbey," "Emma," and "Mansfield Park." In these last two works there are many descriptions which apply directly to Chawton and its surrounding country.

Jane Austen's birthplace was Steventon, not more than fifteen miles north of Chawton, so the quiet little lady never wandered very far from her first home to find her last. She lived here in Chawton until during her final illness she went to Winchester to be under a doctor's care, and there died of what we would now call heart-failure. They understood those things less in the year 1817. She was buried in Winchester Cathedral, where are preserved the ashes of England's early kings, and there a fine brass tablet proclaims the talents and virtues of this gentle queen of literature.

Chawton is a typical English village. It straggles along by the palings which inclose the broad acres of the park, its thatched cottages peeping out over stone walls smothered in a wealth of climbing vines and nodding flowers. Jane Austen's brother took the name of Knight in order to inherit this estate, and his descendants still live in the lovely old Tudor mansion shaded by the great trees of Chawton Park. The strong green stretches of turf, the healthy foliage, and the perfect condition of the village road lined by well-cared-for cottages, proclaim the careful landlord. The hedges are high, the ivy is green, and the river Wye is here a tiny stream just peeping out at the world. The little narrow brook which ambles along so gently near the park wall bears even at its birth a promise of the purling, rippling stream which curves and twists near Haddon

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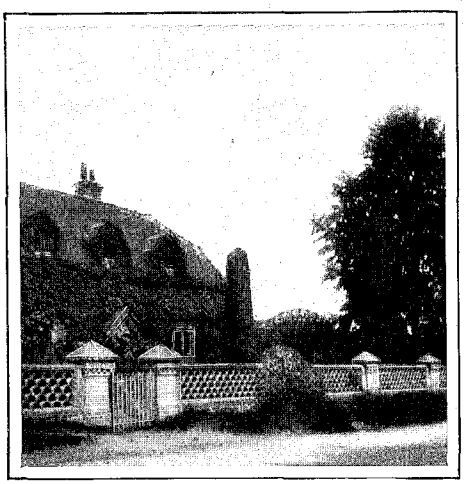
Hall, and whose clear waters yield up many a toothsome fish to the Izaak Waltons of Derbyshire.

The road from Alton to the gate of Chawton Manor is broad and beautiful, lined on either side by plantations of lovely trees, and the way is not a fifteen minutes' spin for the cyclist. A picturesque little inn which seems to have dropped down through several centuries in perfect condition sports a hanging sign from the overhanging gables. The White Friar who spreads his jolly form over the entire board gives a name to the little hostelry which is quite in keeping with its quaint style of building. The White Friar windows look over at Jane Austen's old dwelling-place, the only ugly house in Chawton. The visitor of to-day marvels why Miss Austen did not rather choose to live in some one of the lovely cottages to be seen on all sides than in the uninviting square brick house shown on another page. It was formerly a posting-house, and the front door opens directly on to the dusty road, while the village duck-pond is inconveniently near. A lovely garden at the back atones somewhat for the other unpleasant features; its beauties are hidden from the street by the high curving stone wall, but the tall trees showing above the top soften even the solemn brick box. It is with a very gentle feeling in the heart that the stranger steps through the low door which so often opened to admit the lovable little writer.



OPPOSITE CHAWTON PARK

A CHAWTON GATEWAY

The hideous modern English villa has not penetrated Mr. Knight's village, so there is not any house in Chawton totally lacking in charm. The low-roofed stone cottages line the curving street, while here and there we see more pretentious dwellings draped with ivy, honeysuckle, or roses, and surrounded by well-kept gardens. In front of many of the cottages are the trimmed box-trees cut into the weird shapes so popular in Jane Aus-

CHAWTON PARK

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ten's day. Last summer the gardens in Chawton displayed great masses of tall, graceful flowers which nodded and bowed to the passer-by over rounded stone walls where orange nasturtiums hung thick and radiant. Yellow was evidently the color most fashionable last summer for the flower folk of Chawton, and the contrast with the gray of the thatch and the dull brick of the cottages was a delight to the painter's eye.

There is a short branch of the village street around the corner from Jane Austen's old dwelling, and here, under tall elms, are some of the larger houses stamped with the stamp of English comfort—the Home! The broad lattice windows

A TYPICAL CHAWTON COTTAGE

wide open to welcome sun and flower-scented air, the shining ivy hiding all imperfections, even the topmost windows filled with pots of brilliant geraniums, the bird-cages outside the doors hung high to protect their occupants from the sleek cat and boisterous dog, complete the picture.

Before, behind, and on all sides of Chawton are the hills, the fertile hillsides yellow with grain, or tinted every conceivable shade of green by the great fields of festooned hop-vines which cover acres here in Hants. The dark trees of the Selborne Hanger, that hill so beloved by the gentle Gilbert White, join the sky behind Chawton Park. In the valley, hidden by nearer heights, lies Selborne village, and the first turning beyond the broad stretches of Mr. Knight's estate leads on over the hills into Gracious Street and Gilbert White's domain. The distance is about five miles by road, and the paintable little cottages of Farringdon are clustered half-way between each village. Here White was curate of the little church, walking through the lanes or over the Hanger when his duties called him to Farringdon. No bird, no insect or plant, escaped his keen, loving glance on the way which he lingered along so often. Beyond Farringdon are a ruined gate-lodge and a pair of iron gates green and rusty. No porter will challenge the cyclist if he rides through the break behind the stone gate-post, and so up and on under the solemn pine-trees of a grass-grown avenue. He will walk the last half-mile—the way is too steep and the grass too thick for wheeling—but at the top, high on the hill, is a manor-house rapidly falling into ruins. There is a superb lawn stretching out in the sunshine over the top and down the side of the hill, but the manor-house, a weird, crazy mixture of Italian villa and substantial Tudor farm-house, has drawn itself back into a dark and gloomy spot almost within the church-yard of Newton Valance. The place should be haunted, but evidently the Hampshire ghosts do not know the proper thing to do, because the keeper says poverty and debt are the only skeletons that

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JANE AUSTEN'S HOME AT CHAWTON

stalk about the premises. But any imaginative visitor knows, of course, that those dead-and-gone squires whose graves lie within a step of the dark entrance all come out to weep and wail over their deserted manor on stormy nights. The caretaker has seven young children, therefore other things to think about.

From these heights we look down on the trees of Chawton village, and the road back is one long, easy coast for the cyclist. At the White Friar he can sit in the cozy little oak parlor and drink his tea with the Austen house just opposite. The peaceful village is very like Jane Austen's style. If he has read "Mansfield Park," he will be interested to know that the house before him is there made Mrs. Norris's dwelling, the White House; the pretty rectory stands to-day as it then did, and by walking a short distance down the manor-house avenue Fanny could see all the doings which so disturbed her meek little unselfish heart. The Chawton church stands within the park; the present structure is new, all with the exception of the chancel built in 1871. Fire destroyed the old building in which Jane worshiped, and which dated its records as far back as 1599. Everywhere in Chawton reigns the reposeful calm, the peaceful village atmosphere which made Jane Austen's work so full of gentle, homely, and kindly feeling, pure thought and sentiment. Here at Mansfield Park lived the young ladies who knew "all metals, semi-metals, planets, and philosophers," and the poor, slighted Fanny who was one of the long train of gentle, abused creatures who made unselfish martyrdom the literary fashion. We have changed all that to-day, but a careful study of Jane Austen will show what we have lost by it. It is hard to part from Chawton; the writer goes back each year to its quiet beauty with the feeling that she longs to bring all those who are dear to her within the influence of Jane Austen and her last hour.

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EDWARD EVERETT
From a daguerreotype.

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Memories of a Hundred Years[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

VIII.

THE ORATORS—MODERN AMERICAN ORATORY

THE cant phrase of conventional conversation says that the age of oratory is over. I do not believe this. The conditions are changed. The methods are changed. But it is as true as it ever was that if a man wants to lead men, he had better be able to tell them what he wants. And it will be well for him and them if he can tell them this, so that they shall believe him and remember afterwards what he has said to them.

William McElroy, who is himself no mean judge, told me that George William Curtis once said to him that the most remarkable passage in modern oratory, the passage, that is, that is best worth remembering, is the passage well known and often cited in Waldo Emerson's oration at Dartmouth in 1838. Carlyle speaks of that address as lying on a counter in an Oxford book-shop and arresting Gladstone's attention before Gladstone was thirty years old. Mr. McElroy quoted Curtis's remark to Roscoe Conkling, who did not agree with him. He said that the finest passage he remembered from any man of his time is Charles Sprague's reference to the American Indian in a Fourth of July oration. One would be glad to have a dozen such opinions from a dozen such leaders. The passage which Mr. Conkling referred to is this:

> Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and the helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and the daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld Him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lowly dwelling, in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne, in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze, in the lofty pine that had defied a thousand whirlwinds, in the timid warbler that never left its native grove, in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds, in the worm that crawled at his foot, and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of light to whose mysterious source he bent in humble though blind adoration.

Emerson himself had an enthusiastic admiration for Webster, until he thought he had betrayed the North. To the day of his death he had an admiration for Edward Everett, whom he had known first when he was a professor of Greek literature at Harvard College. I shall speak of Emerson in another place, but this is perhaps the best place to say that he had an opinion quite indefensible as to the knack of absolutely extempore speech—a knack which, according to me, any one can master. But Emerson did not think so.

When the century came in, the echoes of Edmund Burke's voice were still resounding in England and America. In Mr. Everett's preface to Webster's works, and in a passage of his own autobiography, he refers to the impression which Burke's eloquence made on the minds of all educated young Americans. You can trace it, I think, even in Webster's earliest addresses. It will not do to speak lightly of Burke, but Webster was a greater man than Burke, and one likes to see that he outgrew such tricks of oratory. There are phrases of his which Burke

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could never have written. It is pleasant to see that Charles Sprague, to whom Conkling alluded, had recognized the power of Webster's speech six years before the Hayne addresses. Here is what he said on the 4th of July, 1825: "The struggling nations point to our example, and in their own tongues repeat the cheering language of our sympathy. Already, when a master spirit towers among them, they call him *their* Washington. Along the foot of the Andes they breathe in gratitude the name of Clay; by the ivy-buried ruins of the Parthenon they bless the eloquence of Webster!" Mr. Everett more than once speaks almost as if he himself had been misled by Burke in his own earlier days. And in revising his earlier addresses for the standard edition of his "Orations" he sometimes tones down the exuberance of what he would have called boyish rhetoric.

I may say in passing that dear Dr. James Walker was once talking to me of the advantages of repeating in the pulpit an old sermon: "You may alter the arrangement, you may change the illustrations, you can improve the argument perhaps, and, above all, you can leave out all the *fine passages*."

But I hesitate a little about printing this amusing bit of criticism. In Everett's case I am quite sure that he did not always improve the text by such severity of older years.

Mrs. Browning, in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," in later editions tones down what was once written—

> "And the resonant steam eagles
> Follow far on the directing of her floating dove-like hand"

to

> "And the palpitating engines snort in steam across her acres."

One remembers all about the theory of realism and the rest, but, after all, "steam eagles" was better.

Tennyson, in the same way, tones down "Locksley Hall." But youth is youth. And the average reader of poetry is less than thirty years of age. Do let us let young men speak to young men as young men like to speak to young men and young women.

EDWARD EVERETT

After Mr. Everett's defeat in 1839 in the Massachusetts election for Governor, an occasion still remembered in our local politics, in which he lost his election literally by one vote, he went to Europe for a long stay. In the next autumn there followed a great revulsion in the National history. For once the West and the North united against the South, and William Henry Harrison was chosen President. He made Mr. Webster his Secretary of State, and Mr. Webster offered to Mr. Everett the post of our Minister to London. Mr. Everett went to London in 1841 and remained there until the autumn of 1845, rendering essential services to the Nation, and proved himself better acquainted with our international relations than any other man living. This might well be, as he was one of the few men who used familiarly the languages of the Continent of Europe, and as he had never lost sight of the interests which were intrusted to him, when he was in Congress, as a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations. I may say here that his attachment to Mr. Webster, which was very close, was never broken.

I happened, as a youngster, to be standing by so that I saw a pretty incident which is a good illustration of what happens in a democracy, where "our governors are from ourselves." I was with Mr. Everett when he was Governor and was visiting the Worcester jail. The sheriff, an accomplished gentleman, said to the Governor that they had a prisoner waiting trial whom no one could understand. The man was a Levantine, as it proved; but their Italian interpreters could make nothing of his language. Mr. Everett tried him in Italian with as little success. But instantly we could see the glow of satisfaction on both their faces when he changed to modern Greek and the poor prisoner could tell his story.

Mr. Everett was very fond of me from my childhood, and very good to me. I think he talked with me with a certain intimacy which he seldom enjoyed with others. For the misfortune of his life was that he was a very shy man. Since his death people have said to me that they always noticed in the street that he was walking alone.

He said to me one day in the spring of 1846 that it was already long enough, since his return from Europe, for him to satisfy himself that the stately oration of

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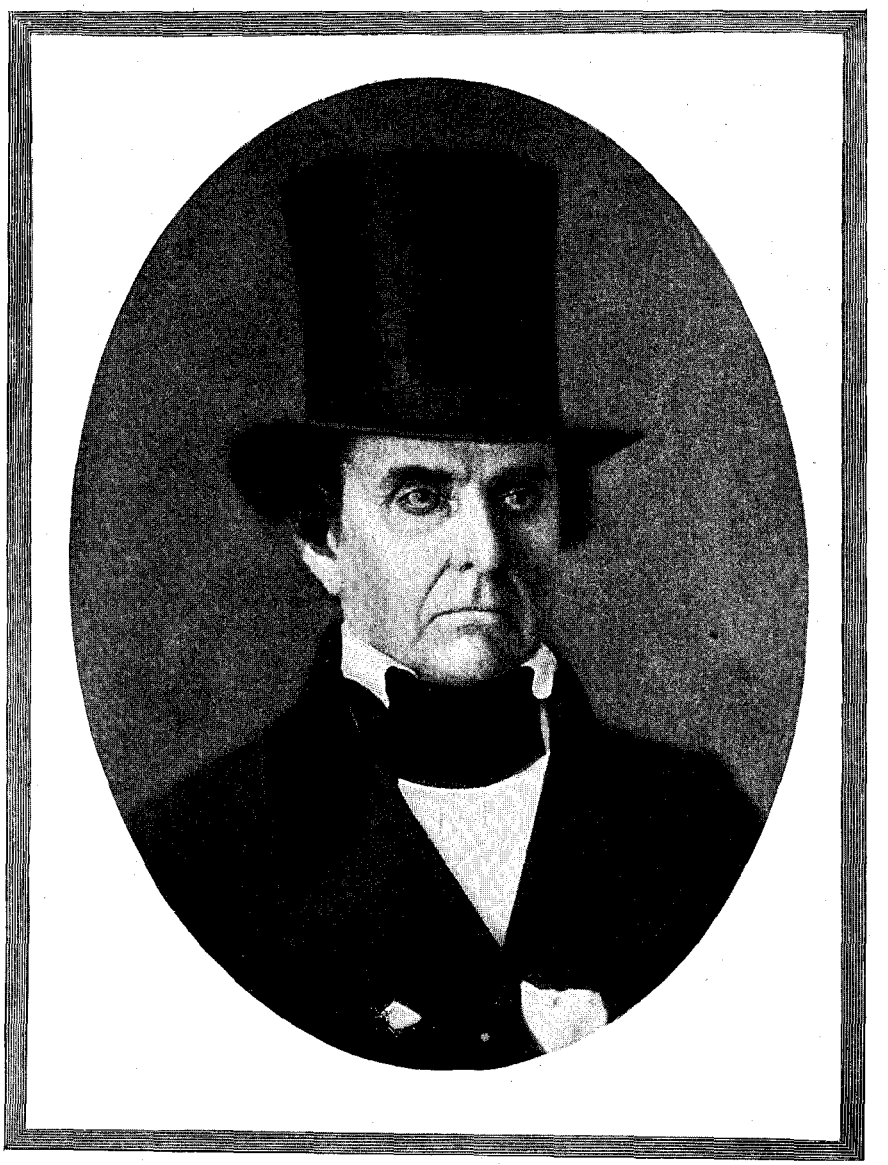

DANIEL WEBSTER
From a daguerreotype.

twenty years before was for America a thing of the past. He advised me as a young man to accustom myself to speak to large or small audiences without a manuscript before me, to accept the more colloquial habit, which I think he would have called the "habit of the stump." After this time he prepared some of his own most elaborate written addresses; but I doubt if he ever carried the manuscript into the assembly where he was to speak. In an interview in his own beautiful library, when we were both fifteen years older, he said to me that he never put on paper any bit of narrative. If you know what you are describing, you can tell it with most spirit if you are not in the least fettered. I might add that, with a memory like his, you might be sure to make no mistake as to the facts. But for a matter of persuasion, of logic, or argument in any form, he thought that this should be prepared in advance, with all the caution which is implied in the use of pen, ink, and paper. Thus, in his own address on George Washington, he

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did not write down the narrative of Braddock's defeat until he wrote it down for the printed address. It was a new story to every audience. But the philippic against Marlborough, and the conclusion of the address, were, to the last letter, considered in advance. And though he never took the paper upon the stage, these were the same to every audience.

As I went away from this talk, he said: "Come round when you can, and I will tell you how I get up an address. For I think I have some methods which other men do not know." I cried out, laughing, that I thought so too, and that every one else thought so. He was not displeased, and said that when I could come round he would tell me what his secrets were. Alas! these must have been the last words I heard him speak. The next time I saw his face it was silent in death. His death was very sudden, following immediately on an appeal in Faneuil Hall for the destitute people of Savannah.

There are two or three foolish anecdotes afloat, which I hear more often than I like to, about his preparing stage effects in advance. All these fables are based on the supposition that he had no presence of mind before an audience, and that he could do nothing in situations which he had not anticipated. The truth is, on the other hand, that he was never so much himself as when he was before an audience, and that he rather liked any suggestion of the moment which broke up the stiffness of what you might call *ex cathedra* or academic discourse. His friend John Henry Clifford, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts, was one of his staff when he was Governor. He once told me this story:

In the year 1837 Mr. Everett had accepted an invitation to speak at Williams College. This College had never been visited before by a Governor. But at this time the Western railway had been opened, and it was with a certain enthusiasm, because the western county of Berkshire was really for the first time united to the capital of the State, that the Commencement exercises of that year were undertaken. The College was proud, the people were proud, that the Governor was to be there. But Mr. Everett, quite unconscious of this sort of feeling, had prepared and taken with him an oration, such as he might have delivered at Phi Beta at Cambridge, on the "Influence of German Thought on the Contemporary Literature of England and America." I once thought I detected the oration in another place. He arrived with his staff on the evening of the 15th of August, and was entertained at a great social party by the President. He found, undoubtedly to his satisfaction, that "half the county had come in," and that the occasion was one not so much of literary importance as of Massachusetts pride. Accordingly, next day, when the time for his oration came, he delivered an address on the "Relations of the Frontier Towns of New England to the History of the World," as exhibited in the French War, in which Ephraim Williams was a commander of Massachusetts troops—the same Ephraim Williams who had founded the new college. The address was received with the absolute enthusiasm which waited on his eloquence everywhere. As the assembly passed out from the church, Clifford met in the porch one of the fine old Berkshire sachems, a gentleman of position and cultivation, as enthusiastic as the rest. Clifford said to him, "And how do you like our Governor?" "Like him? I am only thinking what a fool I am. I talked to him for an hour at the President's party, and, by Jove, I was telling him things that he knew better than I do." The simple truth was that through that hour the Governor had been pumping his Berkshire man for local detail which the next morning had been reflected on the Berkshire audience. The address itself had all the charm of a man who seemed to the manor born, while he brought to it all the eloquence of classical education and of European travel.

More than once I have had to report Mr. Everett verbatim in some careful address, and you must trust me when I say that the address itself, with its fresh and personal contact with the audience, was always superior to the manuscript which in the severity of his habit he had prepared before.

He was hopelessly sensitive to what the press printed, not knowing what I, who was bred in a newspaper office, know, first, that of whatever is put in the newspaper, half the people who see it do not read it; second, that half of those do not

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Washington Mar 17 1851

My Dear Sir

Your remarks on the correspondence with Mr Marsh, respecting Kossuth, are essentially just, & proper. The "respectable Daily" is apt to be right. The correspondence is liable to the criticism which you make upon it. But as Congress had already ordered a U. S. vessel to go for Kossuth, & as there had been a considerable excitement & call, upon the Executive Govt to do something in the case, and as our Turkish friends rather desired it, it was concluded to let the letters go forth.

Mr Hülsemann has replied to my note, & I have rejoined. Both notes, that & pacific, & will probably be published tomorrow

Yrs truly

Daniel Webster

Mr Hale

A LETTER FROM DANIEL WEBSTER TO NATHAN HALE (DR. HALE'S FATHER)
From the original owned by Dr. Hale.

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understand it; third, that of the half who understand it, half do not believe it; fourth, that of the half who believe it, fully half forget it; fifth, that the half who remember it are probably of no great account anyway. This may be accepted by way of a parenthesis and forgotten with the rest.

The year I was thirteen years old Mr. Everett was to deliver an address which I think one of his best. It was at Lexington, Massachusetts, on the sixtieth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. He had tact enough, and so much kindness that he came over one day and asked me to hunt up for him this quotation:

Where should the soldier rest but where he fell?

It is an excellent line, but written, I now think, by himself. I was honored by his asking me to help him in the address, and went down to the Athenæum and ran my eye through probably three or four hundred odes and poems which seemed to be possible sources of the line. I did not find it, and as I have not found it in sixty-six years more, I do not believe it is to be found, except on the last page of the Lexington address where he used it on this occasion, and in other places where I have quoted it. Having had this share in the preparation of the address, I begged eagerly at school and at home that I might be permitted to go to Lexington and hear it. But no! The rules of the school did not permit the absence for a few hours of a boy who was "preparing for college," and so I lost my chance. At the same moment, probably, I contracted a disgust for the mechanism of the public schools which I have ventured to express on all proper occasions between that time and this.

I had, however, had a chance, on the 6th of September, 1834, to crowd into Faneuil Hall with the boys who had no tickets, in time to hear the close of his eulogy on Lafayette. Mr. Everett was an enthusiast about Lafayette; and let me say here that all the men who knew Lafayette best were enthusiastic about him. It is only people who did not know him, like Carlyle, who speak of him with contempt.

When I am asked, as Mr. Conkling was, what are the passages of oratory which I remember as most impressive, I am apt to recur to the close of that eulogy. Near the close of his address Mr. Everett freed himself entirely from every conventionality of the platform, as he turned his back upon his hearers to Stuart's Washington and to the bust of Lafayette which were behind him and cried, "Break the long silence of that votive canvas! Speak, speak, marble lips, and teach us the love of liberty protected by law!"

Nothing is more absurd than the habit current in our day of referring to Everett's eloquence as if it were academic or as the address of a superior to inferiors. In truth, he brought his audience into sympathy with himself almost as soon as he began, and carried them with him as if they were all in the same boat.

I heard an undergraduate say once, of a preacher of whom he was fond, "By Jove, he reads the Bible, not only as if he thought it the most important book of books, but as if he thought we thought so." In this rough epigram I am disposed to think is contained the definition of what constitutes real eloquence—the sympathy, at least for the time, of the speaker and the hearer. As so many men have said, the audience teaches the speaker, not what he is to say, perhaps, but how he is to say it.

But on all that matter the diligent reader had better refer to Mr. Everett's own preface to Webster's orations.

DANIEL WEBSTER

The poet Lowell had left college for a few months when he went into Boston, on the 9th of November, 1838, "to look out for a place in business." I think I never pass the rather grotesque Parthenon front of our old Court-House in Boston without thinking of that walk of Lowell's, as he came through Cambridge Street into Court Street. Observe that at ten o'clock on the 9th of November he meant to go into mercantile life. "I was induced, *en passant*, to step into the United States District Court, where there was a case pending in which Webster was one of the counsel retained. I had not been there an hour before I determined to continue in my profession (of the law) and study as well as I could!" This was what happened to Lowell when he was nineteen years old. I may as well say here that he studied law seriously and to such purpose that when it came to be his turn to be a

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diplomatist in Spain and in England, he knew perfectly well what he was about, and had no superior in his business.

I tell that story because it shows the sort of impression which Mr. Webster made on all intelligent people. I have quoted above what Charles Sprague, who was an excellent critic, said of him fourteen years before. But Webster himself says: "Eloquence does not consist in speech; it is derived from the man, the subject, and from the occasion."

The theory of the Hall of Statuary in Washington is that each State shall furnish a statue of the two most distinguished men in its history. I think most men who care for history would say that the two most distinguished Massachusetts men, since 1620, have been Benjamin Franklin and Daniel Webster; Benjamin Franklin is mentioned in any history of modern times, Daniel Webster in any history of America.

But it so happened that Massachusetts drove Benjamin Franklin away when he was seventeen years old. He served the State afterwards at a very important crisis as her agent in England; but he lived in Philadelphia, in London, and in Paris.

So we could not have Franklin's statue in the Statuary Hall, because he did not live in Boston. That was his misfortune and ours. On the other hand, Daniel Webster was born in New Hampshire. He came to Boston to study law with Christopher Gore in the year 1804, almost precisely as Benjamin Franklin went to Philadelphia to study life when he was a little younger. In 1816 Mr. Webster came to Boston to live, and Massachusetts was his home from that time until he died in 1852. But his statue cannot be in the Statuary Hall for Massachusetts, because he was not born there.

For the same reason which keeps him out, Benjamin Franklin is kept out from the Pennsylvania statues. Of the two statues of Pennsylvania, the first is of Robert Fulton, who would be left out by the rule by which Massachusetts left out Franklin. Of the other most of my present readers never heard. I should like the guess of those who are not informed as to the two which Massachusetts has there. New Hampshire gave a home to Daniel Webster in the Hall. Fortunately, the Nation has had no such restrictions as bound Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. In the decision as to the Hall of Fame in New York last year, Washington and Lincoln stand first. In the second rank are Franklin and Webster, "tied" in an even vote. When the busts of these two statesmen are erected, it will be literally true that the stones which the builders rejected stand very near the head of the corner. And in the Capitol, where Franklin is left out from the statuary halls, he does stand with John Hancock by the staircase in the Senate corridor.

All this by way of preface to my own personal recollection of Mr. Webster, who removed to Boston from Portsmouth six years after my father arrived there. I think they had known each other at Exeter. I think my father had once or twice taken Ezekiel Webster's place in his school at Kingston Street in Boston when Ezekiel was not well. What I know is, that from the time Mr. Webster came to Boston the two families were very intimate with each other. Mr. Webster had been a member of Congress from New Hampshire, and his war speeches, which are important and very interesting, were made when he represented New Hampshire. In 1814 his house in Portsmouth was burned down, and I think it was always a grief to him that the library which he had already collected, which was of interest and value, was destroyed. According to his biographers, who knew, I suppose, it was this misfortune which determined him on leaving New Hampshire. He went to Albany to consider the advantages which that city offered for his residence and practice of the law. One cannot read all this without asking what would have happened IF—.

Here was the first statesman of his time; here was the first orator of his time; here was the most remarkable American of the nineteenth century. If he had lived in Albany for the rest of his life, what would the history of New York and of the United States have been? Would the politics of New York have been what John Quincy Adams called them in 1829—one of the devil's own unaccountables? Would the influence of that State, from Burr's time to Marcy's, have been turned steadily in the scale of the Southern oligarchy? These are in-

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teresting questions for people who like to ask questions which are useless. They are thrown out now for the benefit of old gentlemen of eighty who are living in their comfortable homes on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, whose mails have been broken up by freshets, so that they have heard nothing from the modern world for the last few weeks. We will not consider them any longer.

My father had had a similar question before him when he went to Troy in the autumn of 1805. He had decided to come to Boston, and had arrived here in the spring of 1806. Mr. Webster had decided to come to Boston, and he arrived here in 1816. His name appears in the Boston Directory of that day as residing in Somerset Street, from which he removed to Mount Vernon Street.

In the same year my father was married. I speak of this here because from the very beginning, so far as I can see, Mr. and Mrs. Webster were most intimate friends at our house. Almost every summer it was the habit of my father to go somewhere with him shooting. Boston men did that more then than they do now; I suppose there were more birds then. So it happened that in August, 1826, my father and mother, and Mr. and Mrs. Webster, and Judge Story and Judge Fay, went down to Sandwich and stayed for a week, more or less, at Fessenden's Tavern (the word hotel for an inn was hardly known for many years afterwards). I was a boy four years old, and Edward Webster, my nearest friend, having passed his birthday, was rated as five. We boys were forever together, and at that time it was that I first fired a gun. This was very likely Mr. Webster's gun. The gentlemen came home from shooting one afternoon, and there was a barrel which had not been emptied. I was permitted to rest it over a rail and fire it at a shingle. I did this with awful terror, but was greatly pleased when I had succeeded and was not killed.

I tell this detail simply to speak of Mr. Webster's abundant kindness to children always. One of my earliest recollections is of sitting at a large table at his house in Summer Street, when we were all playing "commerce" together. I said, "I have not got a counter left. I wonder if there is any friend who will lend me some?" Mr. Webster was sitting next me; with characteristic tenderness and lavishness, he said, "Edward, so long as I live you shall never say you have not a friend," and pushed over as many of the red and white counters as I needed.

My intimacy with Edward Webster continued all through our school and college life; indeed, till he threw away his life in the Mexican War. Mr. Webster's intimacy with my father continued till his death, and naturally, therefore, I saw him much more than most boys or young men could have seen a man of his age.

There is a good anecdote, which is not one of my remembrances, but which is perfectly well authenticated, that when he was delivering one of his great addresses, Mrs. Webster was in the gallery of the church, where she had taken Edward, my little friend, I suppose in order that he might remember hearing his father on a critical occasion. In the course of the address, Mr. Webster, in his most vigorous way, cried out, "Will any man dare say"—so that the child was himself impressed with the folly of any person contradicting his father, and in a clear voice he replied from the gallery, "No, Pa!"

On my first visit at Washington, I called at Mr. Webster's at once. This must have been in 1844. He was Secretary of State. I have never forgotten the ease and simplicity with which, at dinner, he kept the conversation on such things as would interest a young man, and in particular would interest a person who had just before been engaged in teaching. He went back to speak of his old days as a schoolmaster, when, once or twice, my father had taken his place. I had spoken of my interest in botany, and he began talking about Linnæus's letters, with which he was quite familiar, and from which he cited curious things. I, alas! had never seen Linnæus's letters. Then, because I had been a master in the Latin School, he brought the conversation round to Thirlwall's History of Greece, which he had read with interest. Alas! I had never read Thirlwall's History of Greece. I do not think that there was the least wish to overpower a youngster in this; it was merely the ease with which he adapted himself to the man whom he was meeting.

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I was afterwards the very intimate friend of George Jacob Abbott, who was Mr. Webster's confidential secretary when he was Secretary of State under Fillmore. Mr. Abbott used to say that Mr. Webster would rise early in the morning, light his own fire, and work for three hours by himself, really finishing in that time all the business of the day. He knew only too well that "Mr. Unexpected" would take the rest of the day. Accordingly, just when they were all getting to their morning work in the Department, where the hours required attendance at nine o'clock, Mr. Webster would come in as if he were the most unoccupied man in the world. He would stand in front of the fire and say, "Mr. Abbott, what do you think of Pope's rendering of such and such a line in the 'Iliad'? Do you think the Greek word bears this and that? Send a boy for the volume, and let us look at it together." There was perhaps a pretense that he had not been at work at his desk for three hours, just as these gentlemen were beginning to clear off the dockets which they had left over from yesterday.

Strange to say, I do not remember the first time I ever heard Mr. Webster speak. The first time I ever heard him speak in court was in a case in the Supreme Court at Washington, where he was counsel for the Girard heirs in an effort which they made to overthrow the Girard will. It did not seem to me that his heart was much in the matter. It is in that speech that he made a eulogy on the profession of a minister, which was much cited at that time. Girard had provided in the will that no person who had been ordained to the ministry of religion should ever be permitted inside the walls of his building. In fact, the arrangement has worked no harm, and probably has done some good, in the way in which Girard meant it should.

At that time in Washington I used to go and hear Mr. Webster whenever I could. I remember, in another case in the Supreme Court, a prophetic expression of scorn with which he tore to pieces the claim that something was done "under the rights of police" in a certain city. He said, what proved true enough, that some of us might live to see the time when the imperial nation should assert its rights over all claims of local police. But the present reader in 1902 must remember that in 1844 the word police was new, in the sense in which we use it, as, indeed, the thing itself was new. The word was familiar enough as describing local regulations. But men were only beginning to understand how far and how often such local regulations might claim to take precedence of national law. Thus, in the year 1844, South Carolina, under a "police regulation," was keeping all free black men in her jails, from the time they arrived in her seaports until the time when their vessels sailed again.

I saw Mr. Webster's power most distinctly on the occasion of what we still call in Boston *the* Faneuil Hall Speech, although he must have spoken in Faneuil Hall hundreds of times. *The* Faneuil Hall speech, among men of that time, meant an address of his delivered in September, 1841. I was not then on the staff of the "Daily Advertiser" properly, but it was known that we should need the speech in shorthand, and there were not many shorthand writers, so I was drawn in to do my share of our shorthand report of it. I think this is the report printed in his works. I had, of course, a favorable seat on the platform at Faneuil Hall. The occasion was one of intense interest. The whole North was committed to the Whig party. That party had succeeded in the choice of Harrison. Harrison had died, and John Tyler, as weak a specimen, if you except Franklin Pierce, as ever was pushed into a place so important, had survived as President. Most of the Cabinet, including all who were supposed to be Mr. Henry Clay's particular friends, withdrew, but Mr. Webster retained his place, for reasons known to himself. The whole body of the Whig party was uneasy about this, and would have been glad to have him resign. He wanted to have some opportunity of meeting his friends, and the appointment for this meeting had been made in consequence. Men gathered from every part of the North to hear this address. I have often seen Faneuil Hall crowded, but I never saw it crowded as it was then. There was not a seat in the hall; men were standing as close as they could be packed; they had to have their hats on because there was no place for the stiff silk hats if they had taken them

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off, and I remember saying, as we looked down, that a bird could run about on the tops of the hats. There was a universal expectation that he would outline his own future course, and probably give instruction for the movement of the Northern part of the party. I look back to it, therefore, as a particular exertion of personal power. He used, in opening, the phrase which is constantly quoted, "When I look down upon this sea of upturned faces." He did not speak five minutes before he came to what was the real nucleus of the address.

"If any man comes here with any expectation that I shall make any revelation of the policy of the Administration, or of any future action, he will go hence as wise as he came here." This in his most solemn low tones, which people often try to imitate without any success. Then, pausing for a moment as if to enjoy the surprise of the assembly, he went on: "This day's sun will set, leaving me as free to act as duty calls, as when—" and by that time the whole assembly was cheering with the utmost enthusiasm. That sentence was never finished, and this whole assembly of three or four thousand men, some of whom had come a thousand miles to hear him, were rapturously applauding him because he said he would not do the very thing they had expected him to do and wanted him to do.

It is popularly said, and I suppose it is true, that at about that time Mr. Webster tried to make the great manufacturing interests of the North understand that a breach was inevitable between the North and the South, and that any dalliance with any Southern party was no longer to be hoped for. It is said, and I believe, that Mr. Webster would have been glad then to take the lead at once of the enthusiasm of the North, and to unite the strong feeling latent in the North in some such wave of indignation as united it in 1861. It is said, and I believe, that the leaders of the manufacturing interest failed him, and that it was with a heart-sick feeling that he returned to Washington, and that he never had any hearty personal enthusiasm when he played into the hands of our Southern enemies in supporting the compromise measures. This is certain, that the night before he made the 7th of March speech, such men as Stephen Phillips, and other Massachusetts men who were committed to the anti-slavery feeling of the North, supposed that that speech was to be made in opposition to the compromises which, in fact, Mr. Webster sustained.

I do not know that I should have gone into these little personal reminiscences but for this, that they give me an opportunity to say one thing which ought to be said. Between the years 1826 and 1852, when he died, I must have seen him thousands of times. I must have read thousands of letters from him. I have been I know not how often at his house. My father, as I say, was his intimate friend. Now, it was to me a matter of the utmost personal surprise when I found, gradually growing up in this country, the impression that Mr. Webster was often, not to say generally, overcome with liquor, in the latter years of his life. I should say that now a third part of the anecdotes of him which you find afloat have reference to occasions when it was supposed that, under the influence of whisky, he did not know what he was doing. I like to say, therefore, that in the course of twenty-six years, running from the time when I was four years old to the time when I was thirty, I never had a dream or thought that he cared anything about wine or liquor—certainly I never supposed that he used it to excess. What is more, I know that my own father, who lived to the year 1864, heard such stories as these with perfect disgust and indignation. This is a good place to print my opinion that this class of stories has been nourished, partly carelessly and partly from worse motives; and that they are not to be taken as real indications of the habit or life of the man.

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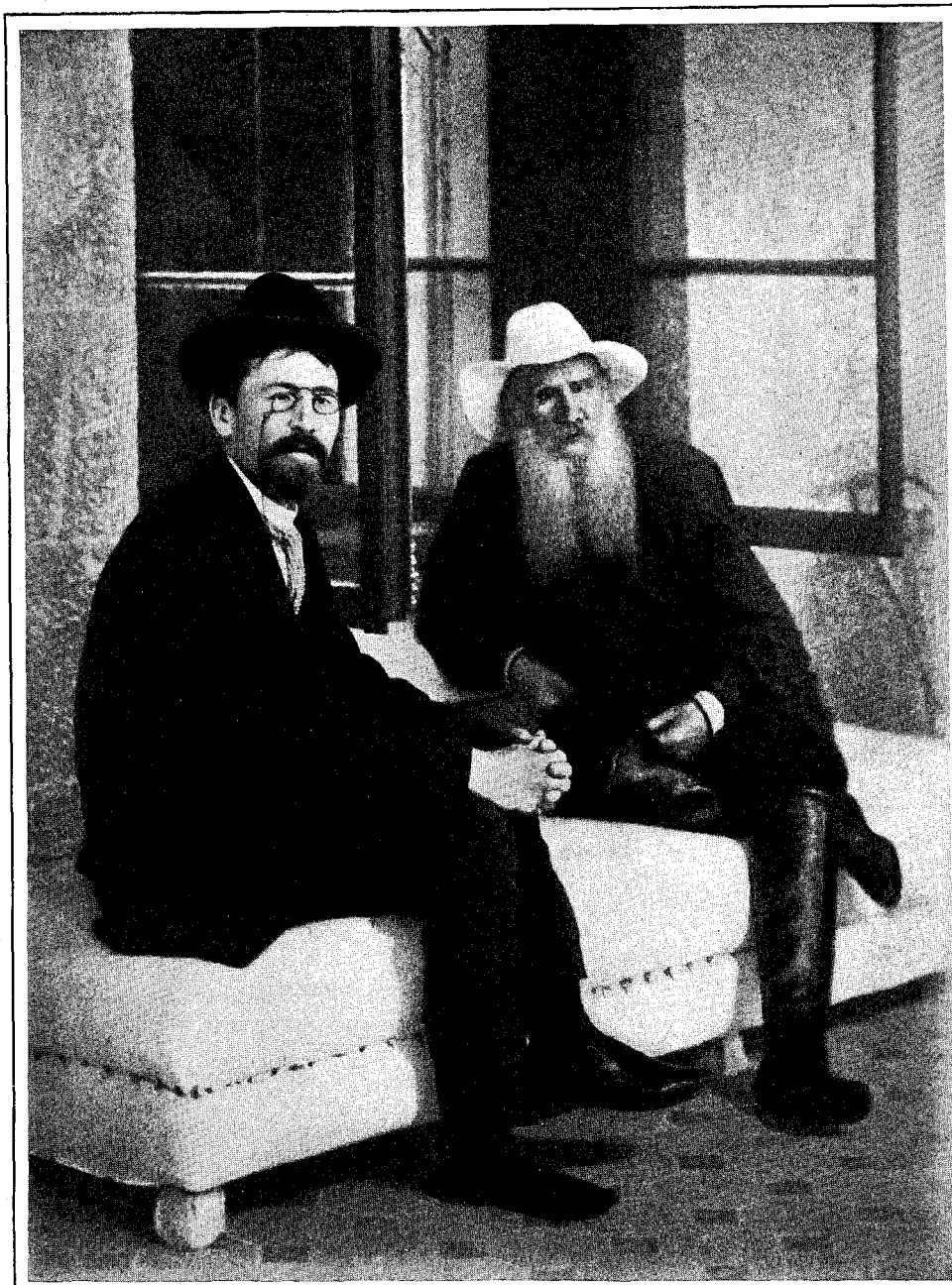

The Latest Portrait of Tolstoï

This photograph of Count Tolstoï and his disciple and follower, Mr. Therkow, was taken quite recently in the Crimea, where Tolstoï went to gain strength after his severe illness. It was sent by a member of the Tolstoï family to a friend in this country, and is now printed for the first time. It was from the Crimea that Tolstoï sent his just published letter to the Czar, urging him to elevate the peasantry, give them representation, and grant a Constitution.

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Winning a Y

By Walter Camp

HIS name was Riley, and although his parents had called him Thomas, to the boys he had always been "Dennis," and by the time he had reached his senior year in college he was quite ready to admit that his "name was Dennis," with all that slang implied. He had tried for several things, athletics particularly, and had been substitute on the ball nine, one of the immortal second eleven backs of the football squad, and at one time had been looked upon as promising material for a mile runner on the track team.

But it was always his luck not quite to make anything. He couldn't bat up to 'varsity standard, he wasn't quite heavy enough for a 'varsity back, and in the mile run he always came in fresh enough but could not seem to get his speed up so as to run himself out, and the result was that, although he finished strong and with lots of running in him, the other fellows always reached the tape first, even though just barely getting over and thoroughly exhausted.

Now "Dennis" had made up his mind at Christmas time that he actually would have one more trial on the track, and that his family, consisting of his mother and a younger brother, both of them great believers in and very proud of Thomas, should yet see him possessed of a long-coveted "Y."

So he went out with the first candidates in the spring, and the addition of the two-mile event to the programme of track contests gave him a distance better suited to his endurance. There were a half-dozen other men running in his squad, and Dennis, from his former failures, was not looked upon with much favor, or as a very likely man. But he kept at it. When the first reduction of the squad was made, some one said, "Denny's kept on just to pound the track." With the middle of March came some class games, and Dennis was among the "also rans," getting no better than fourth place in the two-mile. The worst of it was that he knew he could have run it faster, for he felt strong at the finish, but had no burst of speed when the others went up on the last lap. But in April he did better, and it soon developed that he was improving. The week before the Yale-Harvard games he was notified that he was to run in the two-mile as pace-maker to Lang and Early, the two best distance men on the squad. Nobody believed that Yale would win this event, although it was understood that Lang stood a fair chance if Dennis and Early could carry the Harvard crack, Richards, along at a fast gait for the first mile.

So it was all arranged that Early should set the pace for the first half-mile, and Dennis should then go up and carry the field along for a fast second half. Then, after the first mile was over, Early and Dennis should go out as fast as they could, and stay as long as they could in the attempt to force the Harvard man and exhaust him so that Lang could come up, and, having run the race more to his liking, be strong enough to finish first.

The day of the games came, and with it a drenching rain, making the track heavy and everybody uncomfortable. But as the intercollegiates were the next week, it was almost impossible to postpone the games, and consequently it was decided to run them off. As the contest progressed, it developed that the issue would hang on the two-mile event, and interest grew intense. When the call for starters came, Dennis felt the usual trepidation of a man who is before the public for the first time in a really important position. But the feeling did not last long, and by the time he went to his mark he had made up his mind that that Harvard runner should go the mile and a half fast at any rate, or else be a long way behind.

At the crack of the pistol the six men went off, and, according to orders, during the first mile Early and Dennis set the pace well up. Richards, the Harvard man, let them open up a gap on him in the first half-mile, and, being more or less bothered by the conditions of the wet track, he seemed uncertain whether the Yale runners were setting the pace too high or not, and in the second half com-

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menced to move up. In doing this his team mates gradually fell back until they were out of it, and the order was Dennis, Early, Richards, and Lang. At the beginning of the second mile, Early, whose duty it was to have gone up and helped Dennis make the pace at the third half-mile, had manifestly had enough of it, and, after two or three desperate struggles to keep up, was passed by Richards. When, therefore, they came to the mile and a half, Dennis was leading Richards by some fifteen yards, and those who knew the game expected to see the Harvard man try to overtake Dennis, and in so doing exhaust himself, so that Lang, who was running easily in the rear, could come up and in the last quarter finish out strong. Dennis, too, was expecting to hear the Harvard man come up with him pretty soon, and knew that this would be the signal for him to make his dying effort in behalf of his comrade, Lang. As they straightened out into the back stretch Richards did quicken up somewhat, and Dennis let himself out. In fact, he did this so well that as they entered upon the last quarter Richards had not decreased the distance, and indeed it had opened up a little wider. But where was Lang? Dennis was beginning to expect one or the other of these two men to come up, and, as he turned into the back stretch for the last time, it began to dawn upon him, as it was dawning upon the crowd, that the pace had been too hot for Lang, and, moreover, that Yale's chance depended on the despised Dennis, and that the Harvard runner was finding it a big contract to overhaul the sturdy pounder on the wet track. But Richards was game, and commenced to cut the gap down. As they turned into the straight, he was within eight yards of Dennis. But Dennis knew it, and he ran as he had never run before. He could fairly feel the springing tread of Richards behind him, and knew it was coming nearer every second. But into the straight they came, and the crowd sprang to its feet like one man with wild yells for Dennis. Twenty yards from home Richards, who had picked up all but two yards of the lead, began to stagger and waver, while Dennis hung to it true and steady, and breasted the tape three yards in advance, winning his Y at last!

What to Do when Lost in the Woods

By George Kennan

THERE are few experiences in life that "rattle" a man more—to use a colloquial expression—or that try more severely his courage and self-possession, than getting hopelessly bewildered and lost in a great primeval forest. It is more alarming, in some ways, than a shipwreck at sea, and more disconcerting to the mental faculties than a sudden and unexpected attack in war; because in such cases the novice has, at least, the support of friends and comrades, and feels that he is under the competent expert guidance of officers who have been trained to meet and deal with just such emergencies. When, however, he gets hopelessly lost in a great wilderness—perhaps without gun, compass, matches, or food—he is thrown suddenly, alone, upon his own resources; and if he happens to be unfamiliar with the woods, he is very apt to become panic-stricken, and to rush wildly hither and thither, without a moment's reflection and without any definite aim other than immediate escape from his loneliness, apprehension, and suspense. Men who have plenty of "nerve" in ordinary emergencies, and who are not shaken or dismayed by the most threatening peril in other fields, will sometimes go all to pieces nervously, in a senseless panic of excitement and fear, when they happen to get off a trail, or lose their way, in a thousand square miles of unbroken forest.

It is my purpose in this article, first, to tell the story of a man who came to grief as the result of doing everything that he ought not to have done when he accidentally wandered from a trail in a wild part of West Virginia; and, second, to make a few practical suggestions to readers of The Outlook who are going this summer into the uninhabited parts of Maine, Michigan, Canada, or the Adirondacks, and who may happen to lose their bearings while fishing or hunting in an extensive

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primeval wilderness. I do not presume, of course, to offer advice or instruction to expert woodsmen; but, inasmuch as I have joined many times in searches for lost men, and have often been lost myself —sometimes for five days at a stretch— in wild parts of Asiatic Russia, to say nothing of Canada and the United States, I may venture, perhaps, to tell novices what they should do and what they ought not to do when they wander from a trail or get hopelessly lost in the deep woods.

Many years ago I camped for six weeks with a party of friends in the great gloomy forest that overshadows the head-waters of the Cheat River, in one of the wildest parts of West Virginia. It was then, in every sense of the words, a primeval wilderness, of immense, closely set trees, laurel swamps, and deep rocky ravines, intersected at long intervals by lines of half-obliterated "blazes" cut by lumber prospectors, or faint trails made by neighboring farmers who went into the woods occasionally in the fall to hunt deer or fish for trout. Our camp was situated on one of the small tributaries of the Blackwater— a stream which runs for ten or twelve miles through a shallow mountain valley between fringes of almost impenetrable swamp-laurel, and then plunges into a wild, rocky gorge, 1,000 or 1,500 feet deep, on its way to the Cheat River. Downstream there was not a clearing, nor a human habitation, for a distance of sixty miles, and our base of supplies was a farm-house, on the edge of the wilderness, belonging to a man named McKinney. This farm-house was connected by a mountain road with the village of Aurora, twenty-five miles away, and by a hunter's trail with our camp on the Blackwater, which was distant six or eight miles, through one of the darkest and loneliest forests that I have ever seen.

One afternoon, about the middle of September, a member of our party who had gone to Aurora after mail came back to camp, bringing with him a young man named Johnson, a physician from Washington, D. C., who happened to be spending his vacation at Aurora with two of his sisters, and who had come into the woods for a single night in order to see what camp life was like.

We spent a pleasant evening together in the little, windowless hunter's hut that we were occupying, and early the next morning Mr. Hatch and I started with Dr. Johnson for McKinney's farm-house. We had covered most of the distance, and were within a mile of our destination, when the Doctor (if I remember rightly) said to Mr. Hatch and me, "There's no use in your going all the way out of the woods with me. It's a perfectly plain trail, and you might as well go back to camp and save your legs. I can find my way from here to McKinney's all right alone."

It is a safe general rule never to leave an inexperienced man alone in the woods; but in this case the trail had been so improved by a month or more of continuous use that the possibility of the Doctor's losing his way on it never once occurred to me. It was a well-trodden path, five or six feet wide, which had been thoroughly cleared of bushes, and over which we had taken a pack-mule with supplies at least half a dozen times. In fact, it seemed to me as easy to follow as a post-road. After exchanging a few farewell words with the Doctor, Mr. Hatch and I shook hands with him, bade him good-by, and started back for camp, never doubting for an instant that he would reach McKinney's house in fifteen or twenty minutes, and would rejoin his sisters in Aurora that night.

About ten o'clock the next morning somebody in camp happened to discover that we were running short of butter, and, as I had nothing in particular to do that day, I volunteered to go to McKinney's farm after a fresh supply. I walked out of the woods in about two hours and a half, got the butter, and was just starting back when McKinney inquired casually, "When is the Doctor coming out?"

"Coming out!" I repeated in sudden alarm. "He came out yesterday morning."

"He hasn't been here," said the farmer. "His horse is still in the barn. I looked for him yesterday, because I understood that he was only going to stay with you one night, but he didn't turn up."

A cold chill crept down my back as I realized that the Doctor—a man wholly without woods experience—was lost in that great wilderness. I knew that he had neither compass, nor gun, nor food, and I doubted very much whether he had

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matches. What he would do in such an emergency I could not conjecture, and what might happen to him I dared not imagine. If he had become panic-stricken, as I had known other men to become panic-stricken in similar circumstances, he might have walked, in the time that had elapsed since his disappearance, a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, and if so there was hardly a chance that we should find him. The unbroken forest between McKinney's farm and the junction of the Blackwater with the Cheat covered nearly a thousand square miles, and there was no possibility of ascertaining in what direction the missing man had gone. The September nights, at that high altitude, were cold; he had already been nearly thirty hours in the woods without shelter or food, and probably without fire; and if he had been tearing through the bushes and floundering in laurel swamps for the greater part of two days, he might be in such a state of physical exhaustion that a second night's exposure without food or fire would be dangerous if not fatal. He must be found that afternoon, if possible. I could not endure the thought that I might have to go back to Aurora and tell his sisters that I, an experienced woodsman, had left their brother alone in the forest, and that, as a result of my carelessness, he had perished.

McKinney got his rifle, a compass, a tin horn, and a supply of cartridges; I was already equipped with a Winchester, a compass, a double-barreled police whistle, and a flask of whisky; and, taking in our pockets such food as the house could furnish at a moment's notice, we plunged into the dark, silent woods. Our hastily formed plan was to search the forest on each side of the trail from McKinney's house to the Blackwater, keeping about a mile apart, with the trail between us, and maintaining intercommunication by means of rifle-shots fired at fifteen-minute intervals. Horn and whistle were to be blown constantly, and if the lost man should be found by either of us, the fact should be made known to the other by two shots fired in quick succession. It happened to be a perfectly still autumnal afternoon, and if the Doctor were within two miles of the trail, on either side, he could hardly fail to hear the reports of our rifles. I did not think it at all probable that, after nearly two days of wandering, he would be within the limits of the four-mile strip that we were about to search; but it seemed better, on the whole, to proceed in accordance with some definite plan than to plunge into the woods at random and roam about without any plan at all.

From a deep, dark valley on the verge of McKinney's farm we made our way slowly through the forest in the direction of the Blackwater, keeping about a mile apart, as agreed; firing our rifles at fifteen-minute intervals; shouting, hallooing, and stopping every two or three minutes to listen for a response. Hour after hour passed as we struggled through the bushes, dodged around tangled windfalls, and floundered in dense thickets of laurel which fringed the black, sluggish brooks in the shallow valley bottoms; but there was not a sound to break the stillness of the great forest when, after firing a shot, we stopped and listened long and intently for a human cry.

Late in the afternoon, as the sun was getting low in the west and the woods were beginning to fill with the gloom of approaching night, McKinney and I met on the trail about six miles from his house and a mile and a half or two miles from the camp. Neither of us had found a trace of the lost man, or heard a sound to indicate that he was anywhere within a radius of ten miles.

"I'm afraid we're not going to find him," I said, "but as long as there is a possibility that he may be alive, we must keep up the search. I'll go now to the camp and give the alarm to the other fellows, and you must hurry home, ride to the houses of all the farmers in the neighborhood, and send them out with lanterns and dogs. Meanwhile I'll start with another party from the camp and make a wide circuit through the woods at a distance of five or six miles from the trail on the southern side. Have all the farmers take their rifles, with plenty of ammunition, and fire at short intervals throughout the night."

"Suppose we fire three or four last shots now," he suggested, "before I turn back."

"All right," I replied, and, raising my rifle, I fired four times into the air at

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intervals of about three seconds. My Winchester was a 50-caliber express which made a report like a small cannon, and in the stillness of approaching night I felt sure that it could be heard at a distance of at least two or three miles. As the smoke drifted slowly away, we listened breathlessly, and my attention was almost instantly caught by a series of strange, faint, yelping sounds which seemed to come from the valley of the Blackwater on the western side of the trail, away beyond the point where it turned sharply southward to the camp. The sounds were not shouts nor halloos, and if they were made by a human being at all they were the short, gasping cries of an exhausted man, repeated in quick, monotonous succession with every indrawn breath. "It's the Doctor!" exclaimed McKinney, with sudden conviction.

"I'm afraid not," I replied. "It sounds to me more like some of the fellows from the camp, skylarking and crying out in that way for fun. It's not like the shout of a man lost in the woods. However, we'll investigate."

Blowing horn and whistle, shouting, hallooing, and firing shot after shot as we ran, we tore through the bushes in the direction from which the sounds appeared to come. Ten or fifteen minutes of breathless running brought us to the edge of a broad belt of swamp-laurel which bordered the Blackwater, and, stopping there for a moment to listen, we heard the quick, hoarse, inarticulate cries so distinctly as to leave no room for doubt as to their origin. They were evidently made by an excited but physically exhausted man two or three hundred yards away in the bed of the stream, or in the laurel swamp on the other side. I fired another shot and called out the Doctor's name. The cries ceased. "Is that you, Doctor?" I shouted.

"Yes," was the faint reply.

"Where are you?"

"Over here in the river."

"Come out this way and we'll meet you; there's some awful laurel here, and it's hard to get in."

Then we began to struggle and flounder toward each other through one of the worst laurel swamps that I had ever tried to penetrate. The bushes were so high and thick as to hide everything from sight at a distance of six or eight feet; they grew apparently out of a bottomless swamp of black mud; and again and again my legs sank almost to the hips in soft ooze between the gnarled, twisted, interlocking trunks and roots of giant laurels. I could hear the Doctor fighting his way through the bushes ahead, but I had not even caught a glimpse of him when he said, in a hoarse, tired voice, "You'll laugh when you see me." I was not in a state of mind to laugh at anything; and when, a moment later, he struggled into view, at a distance of only two or three yards, I was so shocked by his appearance that I felt much more like sobbing with mingled relief, excitement, and pity than like laughing at his wretched condition. Most of his clothing had been torn away from the upper part of his body, and below his hips there were only a few strips and shreds of trousers and drawers hanging from the waist-band. His naked legs were covered with cuts, bruises, and red scratches; mud oozed out of his water-soaked shoes at every step; the tatters of clothing that still hung about him were wet from swimming and wading in the river; he was bareheaded; his pale, drawn face was smeared with blood, and a little stream of it was running down one cheek from a recent cut in his forehead. He looked like a ghastly vision of wilderness terror personified! Seeing that he staggered a little, as if on the verge of collapse from exhaustion and long-continued nervous strain, McKinney threw one arm around him while I poured out and gave to him a stiff drink of whisky. That braced him up a little, and in two or three minutes he said with cheerful courage that he was ready to "move on." McKinney supported him on one side and I on the other; we struggled back through the laurel swamp, regained the trail, and just before dark marched into camp.

Upon being questioned with regard to his experience, the Doctor could only say that somewhere and in some way he got off the trail. In trying to recover it he became bewildered and confused, lost all sense of direction, and then rushed through the woods until it became so dark that he could no longer see. He found four matches in one of his pockets, but everything in the woods was so damp that he burned them all without being able to

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start a fire. A heavy rain fell during the night, and while lying out in it on the wet ground he had two severe chills, caused doubtless by cold, nervous exhaustion, and lack of food. As soon as it grew light on the following morning he got on his feet and wandered through the woods until he came to a river. That reminded him of a remark that he had heard one of the men make in camp, viz., that if lost in the woods without a compass he should follow down the first stream to which he came; because houses and settlements were always located on rivers, and sooner or later a stream of any kind would guide a man to shelter. Acting on this untrustworthy rule of fallacious woodcraft, he started down the Blackwater toward a region where, for sixty miles, there was not a house nor a clearing. Fearing that he would lose the stream if he kept outside the hundred-yard belt of laurel that bordered it, he undertook to fight his way down one bank through the tangled swamp; but, after having had most of his clothing torn off, he took to the water and swam or waded where it was impossible to get along the shore. Even at the end of the first day he had little hope of rescue, and as the night of the second day came on he abandoned hope altogether. He did not think that any one would be out looking for him, because we, at the camp, would suppose that he had reached McKinney's house in safety, and McKinney would naturally presume that he had decided to remain in camp a day or two longer than he had planned. Nobody would know that he was lost. When he gave up all hope, he wrote, in pencil, on a last scrap of paper that he had not used in trying to make a fire, a few words saying that he died through his own carelessness, and that Mr. Kennan was not to blame. This note he thought would be found when his body should be discovered, and would serve to exonerate me. Then he struggled on down the river; but it was only a last, hopeless, instinctive struggle for life. The only shots that he had heard, apparently, were the four that I had fired in quick succession on the trail, at the suggestion of McKinney, after we had practically given up the search for the afternoon and were about to separate in order to arrange a night search with lanterns. He then began to make the series of cries that had attracted our attention. It was as narrow an escape from death, perhaps, as a man ever had. In a few hours more he would have been beyond all hope of rescue, and if he had succeeded in reaching the great gorge of the Blackwater, four or five miles further down, he would unquestionably have perished there. His life was saved by my chance visit to McKinney's farmhouse after a fresh supply of butter.

Now, the lesson taught by this story is—Hold your grip and don't rush, when you happen to wander from a trail or get lost in the deep woods. If the Doctor had taken a seat on a log when he found himself off the trail, and had contented himself with hallooing at intervals of two or three minutes, he not only would have saved his strength, but would have been picked up by a farmer who went over the trail only an hour later. But he might have done even better than that. When he first discovered that he was off the trail, it is absolutely certain that he could not have been more than fifty feet away from it; because the bushes would have begun to strike him in the face just as soon as he left the cleared path. If at that moment he had partially broken off and turned over the top of a bush, so as to expose the under sides of the leaves; had then tied a white handkerchief to the broken branch; and had finally walked slowly away from this base in three or four different directions, keeping the handkerchief constantly in sight, or breaking bushes every ten or fifteen feet so as to guide him back to it after every experimental trip, he would have found the trail in less than five minutes. Instead of doing that, he became panic-stricken and started off on a wild rush as soon as he found himself in the bushes, and in half an hour he was hopelessly lost.

It is probably useless to tell a man not to get excited and not to become panic-stricken when he loses his bearings in a great forest; but it ought not to be useless to say to him that he *must* establish a base by breaking a bush and tying a white handkerchief to it as soon as he discovers that he is lost, and that he *must not* leave that base without breaking a line of bushes or cutting a series of "blazes" so that he can find his way back to it with

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absolute certainty. So long as he holds that base he is comparatively safe, because searchers will know approximately where to look for him; but if he starts off on a wild, senseless rush through an extensive primeval forest, he may not be found until the Day of Judgment.

Every novice who goes into a wild, uninhabited region should get from a good map and from his guide a fairly accurate and comprehensive knowledge of the country where he intends to camp, and especially of the watersheds and streams. He should then learn to use a compass, and always carry one in a little chamois-skin bag suspended by a cord or a silver chain around his neck under his shirt. If he relies wholly upon a compass that he carries in a pocket, he is liable to change his clothes and get out into the woods without it; but if he carries an emergency compass, half a dozen fish-hooks and flies, twenty feet of silk line, and a water-proof box of matches in a little chamois-skin bag slung around his neck, he is sure to have these useful articles when he wants them, and he will be comparatively safe in any wilderness, lost or not lost. If, furthermore, he makes it a rule not to go on any long trip alone without a belt-hatchet, a pint cup of aluminum with a folding handle, and a standard emergency ration weighing about a pound, he may be lost for several days, not only without danger, but without serious hardship. His compass will enable him to walk through the woods in a straight course; with his line, hooks, and flies he can catch fish in almost any stream; with matches from his water-proof box he can always make a fire in any forest where he can get birch-bark; in his pint cup he can cook his emergency ration, as well as the fish that he catches; and with a belt-hatchet, weighing a pound and a half, he may "blaze" trees as he goes, and put up in an hour a fairly comfortable shelter of poles and spruce-boughs for the night.

If you should be so unfortunate as to get lost in a wild, unknown country, without compass, food, matches, fish-hooks, hatchet, or knife, the only safe rule is—break a bush, tie your handkerchief to it, and don't rush away from that base. The color of the under sides of leaves is so different from the color of the upper sides that the top of a bush, partly broken and turned over, will attract the eye at a distance of fifty yards; and in a forest where there is undergrowth, you may not only travel in a straight line, breaking bushes as you go, but may return with certainty by that line of broken bushes to your handkerchief base—the spot where you first became bewildered. Then, in searching for a lost trail, proceed very slowly and carefully, *looking on each side*, as well as ahead, at every step. In approaching a faint, half-obliterated trail at right angles, you are very likely to go across without noticing it unless you get a view along it by looking sidewise. A path is easily made out if seen longitudinally; but you may step directly over it without being aware of the fact if you are looking only ahead. By this course of procedure a lost trail may be recovered in nine cases out of ten; and even if it be not recovered, you are far safer at your handkerchief base than you would be anywhere else in the whole forest. As soon, therefore, as you wander from a trail, or begin to suspect that you are lost, break a bush, tie your handkerchief to it, and stand by!

The Praise of Switzerland[1]

TO many tourists Switzerland is the most interesting country in the world, and to many observers the Swiss are the most interesting people. The one-volume English book by Mr. Story and M. Seippel's superb three-volume description in French constitute a library which should do much to illustrate both Switzerland and the Swiss people.

To English readers Mr. Story's is, of course, the more important publication. It is, indeed, one of the best of the excellent volumes which constitute the period entitled "Our European Neighbors." Mr. Story understands well how to dip

[1] *Swiss Life in Town and Country.* By Alfred T. Story. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
La Suisse au Dix-Neuvième Siècle. Ouvrage publié par un groupe d'écrivains suisses sous la direction de Paul Seippel. F. Payot, Lausanne, Switzerland.

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beneath the surface of society. Not only does he portray for us the outward life of Switzerland, those scenes which linger long in the traveler's mind—the ruddy-cheeked children plucking their Alpenrösli, the cowherds on their way to pasture, the Appenzell women at their embroidery-frames, the vintage feasts of Vaud, the costumes of Berne and Thurgau, the soldiers preparing to camp, the chalets (picturesque and charming on the outside, but on the inside with narrow rooms and stuffy atmosphere)—but he also gives us a clear-cut description of the underlying and variegated cantonal life and character, together with a comprehensive survey of the struggles of the people as a whole, first with nature and then that fiercer struggle with degenerate human nature. They have conquered both by a sturdy and sublime devotion to their national motto, "All for one, one for all." Individual and social reforms have interacted upon each other. Only a prolonged residence in Switzerland could teach one what Mr. Story's compact yet vivid information conveys concerning the noble and intelligent Swiss philanthropic work (the splendidly conducted cantonal institutions for tubercular patients, for instance), which has been a pioneer and an example for less lofty-minded and enlightened nations; or about the admirable system of public instruction (in no land does the average education seem so high); or about conditions of labor and national industries—not only is there work for all who will work, there is fair pay, and there is an organization of labor such as exists in few countries; the two great classes of workers, the toilers on the land and the artisans in the town, are closely associated in this social economy.

Finally, we have in this book, as in Mr. Vincent's valuable "Government in Switzerland," a comprehensive survey of political conditions. These now make Switzerland the envy of the nations, and Mr. Story prophesies that the time is coming when that country will be the Mecca of all students and admirers of pure and unadulterated democratic government. It is an inspiration to those students and to those admirers everywhere to realize that, from 1291, when the people of the Alpine fastnesses formed a perpetual alliance for the defense of their several local rights and privileges, to the present day, when Switzerland has become a recognized schoolmaster of the nations, it has given lessons to the world in statecraft by its six hundred sturdy years of republican and democratic independence. To be sure, in addition to right ideas concerning internal government, the Swiss, like the Boers, appreciate to the full the immense importance of an army, which includes every able-bodied Swiss, and has always had a deserved reputation for sharp-shooting—the legend of William Tell is in evidence. It has thus inspired a wholesome respect among neighboring nations and peoples, and Switzerland has, for the most part, been left by them severely alone. As to internal politics and government, the Swiss have all along been a set of radicals—even that supposedly new thing, the referendum, is shown really to have had its origin as long ago as the sixteenth century, when, although not in the way in which it is now known, the people of Berne and Zurich were called upon to decide the question of the Reformation as applied to themselves. At present, with one or two exceptions, all the Swiss cantons have put the referendum in practice, and apply it to all legislative acts; in some of the cantons it is not confined to cantonal matters alone, but is also adopted in the communes. In conjunction with the initiative, it has been thought by some observers that such power in the hands of the voters themselves might lead to ill-considered legislation, but Swiss history shows that the very reverse of this has happened.

In this connection the long and illuminative paper by the lamented Numa Droz on the political history of Switzerland, in "La Suisse au Dix-Neuvième Siècle," is well worth reading. No statesman in recent years has commanded greater respect than did the author of this valuable article. M. Droz was a radical even among the Swiss, but his radicalism long since found adequate expression in such reforms as proportional representation, for instance—institutions which in Switzerland are now regarded as almost conservative. His words in the present article come with increased force when one remembers that they were written from the standpoint of experience rather than that of theory, the experience of one who

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attained high rank as an editor, as a member of the Swiss Grand Council, and as Director successively of the Departments of Public Instruction, of the Interior, of Agriculture, of Commerce, and of Foreign Affairs. In the last-named position M. Droz engineered the enactment of the law regulating the protection of literary property, and negotiated the present Franco-Swiss commercial treaty. Owing to his enviable international reputation he was besought a few years ago by the Great Powers to accept the position of Resident Legal Adviser to young Prince George of Greece, who had just been named by them Governor-General of Crete. M. Droz divides his survey of the century into four periods: (1) to the Treaty of Vienna, 1815; (2) to the Constitutional Reform of 1848; (3) to the next revision of 1874; and, finally, (4) to the end of the century. The article should by all means be published in a volume by itself.

Among the other papers in this notable compilation are those by the learned Dr. Hilty on Swiss public law, by Colonel Secretan on the Swiss army (the British army costs more than five hundred dollars a man a year, the Swiss about thirty-five); and by MM. Decurtins, Herzog, and Bloesch on religious conditions—Switzerland is an absolutely free country so far as matters of conscience are concerned, but it proposes to allow no religious organization to do anything which would even remotely affect public government or order, and therefore it has not regarded with favor either the Jesuits among Roman Catholics or the Salvation Army among Protestants. Dr. Wartmann contributes a valuable chapter on industry and commerce, Herr Curti one on Socialism and the working classes, while MM. Hunziker and Guex discuss questions of public instruction. We have only indicated what seem to be the more important contributions to this valuable cyclopædia. The editor closes the three volumes with a summary of the Switzerland of to-day. From it and the other papers we see why one of the poorest countries as regards natural resources is inhabited by a people both materially and socially among the best in Europe. The reason is found in the fact that in Switzerland practically everybody works. The idle class there is of insignificant dimensions.

To the general reader the interest of these volumes is doubled by their many and well-executed illustrations. It is hardly possible too strongly to commend the work as a whole. It should receive an English translation.

Tuscan Sculpture[1]

THE three prominent periods of sculpture are the Greek, Gothic, and Renaissance. Mr. Freeman justly claims that the first period is the greatest, because (1) of them all it best expresses the thing which it could best express, and (2) because it gives the special æsthetic pleasure pertaining to it in the purest form. In other words, Greek sculpture affords us perfect notions of an intellectual steadiness, of a moral balance, and of a spiritual serenity.

Turning to the Gothic age, we find sculpture on a lower level, because the art-word for that epoch was architecture; it alone expressed the spiritual energy of the time; hence architecture determined the character of sculpture, and sculpture became mere architectural decoration, "a balance of related masses."

The Renaissance rested on two enthusiasms: (1) for the antique, (2) for nature. The first prevented the second from becoming a merely crude naturalism.

A considerable portion of what Mr. Freeman calls the Early Renaissance others might prefer to call the Late Gothic period. Even he admits that the Early Renaissance did not create new things so far as sculpture was concerned, though its statues certainly showed some advance in realism; it only illustrated a new method of treating old subjects. The real contribution of the great Renaissance originals to the history of sculpture, according to this critic, came only with Michael Angelo and his contemporaries,

[1] *Italian Sculpture in the Renaissance.* By L. J. Freeman. The Macmillan Co., New York.
Tuscan Sculpture. By Estelle M. Hurll. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

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Gothic clearness and sententiousness are shown from the days of the Pisani to those of Japoco della Quercia. According to Miss Hurll, Jacopo was a transition artist; Ghiberti and the robuster Donatello certainly were. Even Donatello, however, had his monumental or Gothic period. Take his heroic St. George in the Bargello, Florence, for instance. It shows no violent break with conventional types, and is, as Mr. Freeman himself admits, Gothic sculpture. It is unweakened by detail, and, like most Gothic works, has a quiet pose. It has broad modeling, it has expression, it has beauty. It includes true associations, or, as Mr. Freeman would say, it excludes false associations.

In the endeavor to manifest the soul rather than to glorify the body—to paraphrase Miss Hurll's paragraph—Gothic sculpture had shown itself in overpowering if rude grandeur. There now gradually came into being a certain instinctive and furtive seeking for picturesqueness in the sense of supplanting a mere plastic feeling. This was a distinct stage in the Renaissance, long before it arrived at that period when, with the Sansovini, it appealed to men only because of its correct attitudes, its beautiful staging, its rhythm. As Miss Hurll acutely points out, even to such early sculptors as Antonio Rossellino and Mino da Fiesole mere decorative effects became of the first importance. The devotee of the simplest and severest Gothic must admit with her that love of line and form, delight in an elaborate but well-ordered composition or in elegance of design and refinement of handling, are qualities not to be despised in any age, but were especially to be desired in the making of those opulent sepulchral monuments, so numerous in the period of the early Renaissance. The only pity is that both in sculpture and in painting there should have been from this period onward a loss in Gothic directness, simplicity, and sincerity.

Mr. Freeman's comment on Michael Angelo is peculiarly satisfactory, for it seems to bring out very clearly the great merit of the master's earlier works (the Pietà in St. Peter's at Rome, for instance)—namely, a spontaneous and overmastering feeling which swallowed any self-consciousness. In that period of his career the artist apparently lost himself in his subject; to this he added an adequate technique—and generations of admirers have since realized the exquisite æsthetic value of the conjunction. Michael Angelo knew how to express his thought fully and clearly, but when he tried to express all the psychological stages of man's being, his sculptural structure became ultra-human. It must be owned, however, that he was the first worker in marble to manifest spiritual struggle by bodily attitude. His novel proportions, his strange emphases, his contortions, may be immediately translated, even by a child, into some idea of spiritual exaltation or suffering. Yet, with all his vitality and suggestiveness, Michael Angelo finally became a mannerist. His enthusiasm, as Mr. Freeman points out, was really not so much an enthusiasm for antiquity or for nature as for Michael Angelo. When the last became disproportionate in comparison with the other two, Michael Angelo may be said to have started the Renaissance on its career of degeneration into mannerisms, which it allowed at last to fall into insipidities and incoherences.

Reasons for this development of Renaissance mannerism may be seen first in a general self-consciousness which was gradually characterizing the peoples of that age and diminishing the æsthetic value of works produced; secondly, in the great demand by art collectors and patrons, no longer for the Gothic saints and martyrs symbolic of another age, but for classical and allegorical subjects matching the pagan feeling which was now obtaining in Italy. This feeling was a result of an exaggerated admiration for the Greek manuscripts, the discovery of which had started the whole Renaissance movement.

In the Late Renaissance one figure stands out in contradiction to most. John of Bologna, who died in 1608, was a master of energetic action in sculpture, or rather of "epigrammatic contours," to use Mr. Freeman's fine phrase. As Spenser was the poet's poet, so we might say that John of Bologna was the sculptor's sculptor in the sense of embodying in ideal degree and technique physical state and action, even as Michael Angelo had embodied the mental.

In its illumination Mr. Freeman's work

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is precise and concise. Yet on every page we find a phrase or a paragraph alive with felicitous imagery. The prose is always latently and often patently poetic. Miss Hurll's little book follows the admirable plan of the others in the "Riverside Art Series;" it is a model of compactness and simplicity both in matter and manner. While it is specially adapted for young readers, those of every age will enjoy it and profit by it. The books have one lack in common, an index.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Date Book (The): A Handbook of Reference Relating to the United States of America. By W. E. Simonds. The Kama Co., Hartford, Conn. 5×7½ in. 211 pages. $1.

Animals at Home. By Lillian L. Bartlett. (Eclectic School Readings.) The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 172 pages. 45c.

Asa Holmes, or At the Cross-Roads. By Annie Fellows Johnston. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 215 pages. $1.

Blighted Rose (A). By Joseph F. Wynne. The Angelus Publishing Co., Detroit. 5×7¾ in. 425 pages.

Chiefs of Cambria (The). By Morgan P. Jones. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 250 pages. $1.25.

Christopher. By "The Princess" (Mary F. Lockett). The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 328 pages. $1.25.

Cub's Career. By Harriet Wheeler. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 173 pages. $1.

Days of the Son of Man (The). By Rosamond D. Rhone. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 373 pages. $1.20, net.

Among writers who have undertaken to portray the social environment of Jesus and its attitude to him, none has produced a more commendable work than this. For the various personages who in the narrative of the Evangelists are little more than names fancy must supply what history omits. These, therefore, are treated imaginatively, as Mary Magdalene, to whom is assigned the character of a sibyl, who, before she became a disciple of Jesus, had been the oracular priestess of Pan. Jesus himself, the young prophet, dominated by the idea of the humanity of God and the divinity in man, is portrayed in the reality and simple charm of the Gospel story. The dramatic quality and literary skill conspicuous in the work commend it to appreciative readers.

Earth's Beginning (The). By Sir Robert Stawell Ball, LL.D., F.R.S. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 384 pages. $1.80, net. (Postage, 14c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Elementary Physical Geography. By William Morris Davis. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 401 pages.

This subject, so attractive when judiciously popularized, is here presented both in its modern scientific development and in an elementary form for use in schools. The general reader will find this as interesting a volume of "popular science" as he is likely to meet with. It is finely illustrated.

El Mollinerillo y Tres Otros Cuentos. By Don Antonio de Trueba. Arranged by R. Diez de la Cortina, B.A. William R. Jenkins, New York. 4½×6 in. 149 pages. 35c.

England and the Holy See: An Essay towards Reunion. By Spencer Jones, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 440 pages. $2.25.

Unity as distinguished from union, or, in other words, the merging of all Christians under one authority rather than their agreement in one motive and one purpose, is the ideal which is presented in this book. For this end, the writer contends, Christendom must strive. In order to gain such unity, which is necessarily organic, some change must take place in all those communions, or at least all but one, into which Christendom is at present divided. The question then arises, What communions are capable of change? The author finds that every Christian communion except the Roman is characterized by the spirit of change; and this fact, together with the tendency toward the drawing together of humanity which is distinctive of the present age, leads him to believe, or at least hope, that final unity will come through the ultimate dominance of "the See of Peter." Before this can take place, however, there must be some alteration, the author admits, in the Church of Rome. He looks for this alteration, not in the rescinding of its historic formularies, but in the philosophic explanation of them. The remainder of the book consists in a series of explanations which the author believes will help to reconcile especially the Anglican Communion to a reunion with Rome. Many of these explanations are ingenious, though not therefore necessarily disingenuous. To most Protestant minds they will seem very inadequate. The postulate that underlies the whole book is that religious truth is, on the one hand, a "deposit of faith" to be guarded, on the other an authority to be accepted with submission. To one who, like the author of this book, has that point of view, the existence of a great imperious hierarchy that protects the faith of some two hundred million souls and receives their obedient homage is not only imposing, as it is to everybody, but is well-nigh conclusive as an argument for the final dominance of that

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hierarchy. As a contribution to the discussion of the union of the Christian Church this essay is painstaking, evidently sincere, often interesting, but not very persuasive to those who are not by nature or training "Anglican Catholics." The formal divisions of the book give an impression of orderliness and coherence in the thought which is not confirmed by the writer's style. A sense of humor would have saved the writer from some of his figures of speech. The book bears evidence of careless proof-reading.

Fables of the Élite. By Dorothy Dix. Illustrated. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 4×7 in. 261 pages. $1.

In the latest of slang-phraseology the animals of these fables illustrate human frailties and peccadilloes in a sharp-witted way. Taken one at a time the fables are amusing; read consecutively, they pall.

Fortune's Wheel. By Martha Gray. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 275 pages. $1.

Foundations of Belief (The). By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour. (Eighth Edition, Revised.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 391 pages.

The criticisms evoked by Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" have called forth in turn some modifications embodied in this eighth edition. These are an Introduction, written to prevent certain misunderstandings to which the earlier form of the book was subjected, a rearrangement of some of the chapters with a view to better proportion, and a summary of the argument.

Government (The): What it Is; What it Does. By Salter Storrs Clark. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 304 pages. 75c.

An exceptionally good text-book on civics. It is distinctly enlivening, while the most of its competitors are distinctly deadening.

Hiero-Salem: The Vision of Peace. By E. L. Mason. Illustrated. J. G. Cupples Co., Boston. 6×7 in. 508 pages.

Infans Amoris. By T. Everett Harry. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 335 pages. $1.50.

From a chapter selected at random we judge (*ex pede Herculem*) that this work may be classed with dime novels.

International Year Book: A Compendium of the World's Progress During the Year 1901. Edited by Frank Moore Colby, M.A., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Edward Lathrop Engle, B.A. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 6½×10 in. 900 pages. $4.

Practically a large, single-volume encyclopædia of the year 1901. We have often had occasion to consult previous volumes, and have found the work valuable in many ways. The present volume has scores of carefully prepared articles on such timely topics of importance as the Transvaal, the Philippines, the Pan-American Exposition, Nicaragua Canal, Municipal Government, American and English Literature, Aerial Navigation, Iron and Steel, Education, Danish West Indies, Cuba, Labor Arbitration, and similar subjects, while there are hundreds of brief paragraphs about minor matters. Each country of the world and each of our States has its separate article which records all important facts about its industries, legislation, elections, finances, etc. There is abundant evidence that there has been skillful editing throughout.

John McGovern's Poems. By John McGovern. William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill. 4½×7 in. 48 pages. $1, net.

Julius Cæsar. By William Shakespeare. (Standard Literature Series.) The University Publishing Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 89 pages. 12½c.

Lee at Appomattox, and Other Papers. By Charles Francis Adams. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 387 pages. $1.50, net.

Mr. Adams, in one of the essays in the present volume, says that he likes the Englishman because "about him there is a downrightness—sometimes, it is true, bordering on brutality—which commands my respect. He does not conceal his feelings." For the same reason, the reading public likes or respects Mr. Adams. There is not a particle of the conformist about his make-up. What he feels and thinks, he says with absolute downrightness, and nothing is qualified in order to win the applause or the assent of any one else. Furthermore, he never writes unless he has something to write. Every one of these essays has a distinct point, which is remembered after the book is laid aside. The initial essay, which furnishes the title to the volume, gives to Robert E. Lee the honor of ending the Civil War at Appomattox, when Jefferson Davis would have continued it by guerrilla tactics as Spain continued it when her armies had been overwhelmed by Napoleon, and as the Boers have continued it after their armies have been dispersed. This essay does not carry conviction, for the reason that our rebellion had largely lost its popular support long before Lee's surrender, and that there was no fear of alien rule to keep alive the struggle even had Lee willed it. Nevertheless the statesmanship of Lee's early recognition of this fact stands out in high relief, and Mr. Adams's essay is sure to leave its impression upon current thought. The succeeding essay, and much the longest in the volume, is on the Treaty of Washington, and contains much first-hand material gathered from the author's own recollections of life in England during our Civil War. One of the most interesting of the other essays, that entitled "A National Change of Heart," puts in striking form the contrast between upper-class England's hostility toward America and Americans in the days of that war, and the enthusiasm manifested since the close of the Spanish War, dramatically manifested by England's grief over the assassination of President McKinley. Mr. Adams attributes the new feeling toward us to the Englishman's deep-seated admiration for "the wealthy, the successful, the masterful." Our Nation's triumph in the Civil War did much to remove the old feeling of contemptuous dislike, and during the last ten years, Mr. Adams thinks, our attitude toward Venezuela, our rejection of free silver, our conquering of Spain, our supposed support of England's attitude in the Transvaal by our own attitude in the Philippines, and along with these our sudden winning of commercial supremacy, have all united to eradicate the old hostility to America from the only class of

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Englishmen who ever cherished it—the ruling classes.

L'Idole: Comédie en un Acte. By Henri Michaud. William R. Jenkins, New York. 4½×7½ in. 17 pages. 10c.

Life Worth Living (The). By Wilbur C. Newell. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 326 pages. $1.

The author's central thought, that the genuinely religious life is the normal and sound life, is thoroughly true and persuasively urged, though some of his theological ideas are less satisfactory. A large amount of illustrative material, available for use in evangelistic addresses, is spread throughout the book.

Line-o'-Type Lyrics. By Bert Leston Taylor. William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill. 4½×6¼ in. 59 pages. 50c., net.

Love Never Faileth. By Carnegie Simpson. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 205 pages. $1.25.

This story, crudely and to all appearance hastily written, leaves an impression of immaturity. The chief characters seem very self-conscious. The moral of the book, which is deliberately religious in purpose, is announced on the title-page.

Lower South in American History (The). By William Garrott Brown. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 271 pages. $1.50.

The author of this volume has judgment, insight, imagination, scholarship, and a great subject, and some day, we trust, he will write for us great history, but the present volume is little more than a promise of great things. Fortunately, however, the author himself realizes this, and speaks of the volume in his preface as merely a "sketch" of what he cannot now paint. When the leisure to paint comes to him, it is to be hoped that his passion will remain, for passion, as he justly urges, is as essential to the knowledge and illumination of great events as research. The author's passion is that of a child of the lower South, who understands his past by a quiet and sure instinct, yet who comprehends the greater forces of civilization against which his section struggled in vain, and is thus able to review his past with the open eyes of a historian instead of the closed ones of a eulogist. No one else has done the work so well before, and the present essay, partial and incomplete and rhetorical as it is, will remain of value until the maturer work of the author—or some Southerner of similar gifts—shall take its place.

Modern Association and Railroading. By A. L. Goodknight. The Abbey Press, New York. 4½×7½ in. 43 pages. 50c.

My Lord Farquhar. By Thomas Emmet Moore. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 248 pages. $1.25.

Next to the Ground. By Martha McCulloch-Williams. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4¾×7¾ in. 386 pages.

A cheerful book and a wholesome one. The author feels the charm of all out-of-doors and imparts it to her readers. Whether she is telling of the "big snow," or talking about quail or possum or feathered folk, or even about the cow and the hog, she manages to combine intimate knowledge of nature's ways with vividness of narration, while throughout the human element is strong and sympathetic; and occasionally a jovial bit of dialogue or anecdote of hearty country life adds to the zest. The book is distinctly individual in style and method. Its subjects were taken from a Southern countryside, but its interest is universal for those who love farm and field and forest and all that grow or live therein.

Our Country's Story: An Elementary History of the United States. By Eva March Tappan, Ph.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×7¾ in. 267 pages.

The "story" is told and illustrated in a very captivating manner, from the days of Columbus to the accession of President Roosevelt, and with rare discrimination in selecting from the immense store of material the most important and characteristic *memorabilia*. Here and there a statement will hardly bear criticism; *e.g.*, Roger Williams's loss of "many thousand pounds," and the legend of Marcus Whitman's saving Oregon in 1842. But, all in all, there is no better book of the kind for our boys and girls.

Primitive Semitic Religion To-Day. By Samuel Ives Curtiss. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¾×8¼ in. 288 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Prince of Captivity (The). By Sydney C. Grier. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 346 pages. $1.50.

Reformed Church in Pennsylvania (The). Part IX. of a Narrative and Critical History. By Joseph Henry Dubbs, D.D., LL.D. The Pennsylvania Society, Lancaster, Pa. 6½×10 in. 387 pages. $3.

It is the "German" Reformed Church, not the "Dutch," of which the author treats. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries members of this Church formed settlements from New York to South Carolina, a majority of them natives of the Rhine country. General Herkimer and Baron Steuben, of Revolutionary fame, were both of them of this connection, the latter becoming a ruling elder of the Nassau Street Church in New York. The sole doctrinal symbol of the (German) Reformed Church is the Heidelberg Catechism. Its adherents number about ten millions, some two hundred thousand of them in the United States, of whom Dr. Schaff, the Church historian, has been the most widely known in our time. In his amply illustrated narrative Professor Dubbs gives main prominence to the Pennsylvanian portion. A limited number of copies can be procured at $3 each by addressing him.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, Jr. (The). By Wallace Irwin. Illustrated. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco. 6×9¼ in. 50 pages. 50c.

Seigneur de Beaufoy (The). By Hamilton Drummond. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 259 pages. $1.50

A sword clashing, banner-waving, and priest-prating romance of France in the fifteenth century. It has more of action than of character-study, and even in the former capacity is hardly the equal of Mr. Drummond's former work in fiction.

Silken Snare (A). By William Leroy. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 115 pages. 50c.

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Seven Little Songs for the Child or Adult Voice. Verses by Mena C. Pfipshing. Music by G. A. Grant-Schaefer. Clayton F. Summy Co., 220 Wabash Ave., Chicago. 9×11½ in. 75c.

Sixteenth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor, 1901. Strikes and Lockouts. The Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 6×9 in. 1,053 pages.

Small End of Great Problems (The). By Brooke Herford, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 303 pages. $1.60, net.

In this volume of discourses, the first of which gives its title to the collection, the Unitarian pulpit appears at its best. In simplicity, in constructiveness, in spirituality, in earnestness, it corroborates Dr. Peabody's interpretation of Unitarianism as "a spiritual movement." Dr. Herford is felicitous in his dealing with the intellectual difficulties that beset religious thought. Such words as "authority" and "foreordination," which radicals have rashly banished, he restores to proper recognition as vehicles of indisputable and indispensable truths. His discourse on "The World's Debt to Christ" sounds, as many other Unitarian sermons now sound, the recall from wanderings in which, with other churches, though in a different way from others, Unitarians have been involved.

Social England. Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L., and J. S. Mann, M.A. Vol. II. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 7×10½ in. 800 pages. $5, net.

In our notice of the unillustrated edition we commented upon the increasing historical value of the later volumes, and we can here supplement this comment by calling attention to the increasing artistic value of the later volumes of the illustrated edition. The present volume is as much superior to its predecessor in the beauty and illuminating quality of its illustrations as it is in the popular interest and historical significance of its narrative. This is high praise, but praise well deserved. The volume is literally full of pictures and incidents—the charm and fascination of which will be felt not only by students of history in the ordinary sense, but also by those who feel that history should record not merely the "past politics" of a people, but their past life in its most varied aspects. There are few ministers, for example, who will not learn from this volume a great deal of the past beliefs and superstitions of the English people, and still fewer doctors who will not learn about the past diseases and remedies with which their predecessors wrestled. Men in almost every walk in life will find their interests touched upon.

Spanish Life in Town and Country. By L. Higgin. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 325 pages. $1.20, net.

The author carries out successfully the main idea of this well-conceived series—namely, to bring close to the reader the people of the country as they live; to let history, statistics, and politics take care of themselves, or appear incidentally only, and give full play to natural traits, customs, stories, and scenes in city streets and by country roadsides. Such a plan in itself almost insures a readable book, and both Mr. Higgin and Mr. Street, who adds the chapters on Portugal, have utilized all its picturesque possibilities to the full. We know of no more picturesque and entertaining book about Spain, and one is glad to find also not a little in it of fair augury for the country's future. But the chapter on the war between Spain and the United States entirely misrepresents the attitude and purpose of this country.

Standard First Reader. Edited by Isaac K. Funk, LL.D. (Standard Reader Series.) Illustrated. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 6×8 in. 112 pages.

Story of Animal Life (The). By B. Lindsay. Illustrations. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 196 pages. 35c., net.

Teachers' Manual for First Reader. Edited by Isaac K. Funk, LL.D. (Standard Reader Series.) The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 3¼×5½ in. 238 pages.

Tale of True Love and Other Poems (A). By Alfred Austin. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¾ in. 139 pages. $1.20, net.

That Old Kitchen Stove. By David Harold Judd. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 21 pages. 50c.

Truth in Christian Science (The). By Herbert Ernest Cushman, Ph.D. The James H. West Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 64 pages. 60c.

Here is far the most satisfactory to a judicial mind of the many critiques upon this subject. Dr. Cushman treats it seriously, respectfully, and philosophically. He finds its central doctrine to be the very old truth that "God is the *real* in the life of every individual," the truth in which the consciousness of the immortality and the worth of the individual is grounded. Grounded in this truth, Christian Science is a reaction against ecclesiasticism and materialism. On its theoretical side it is a modern version of Oriental mysticism. All mystics deal in paradoxes: so does Mrs. Eddy. Her version is inadequate compared with those of Plotinus and Spinoza, and embodies profounder truth than she is aware of: "It has the dangers but none of the safeguards possible to the great mystical teaching." This teaching, Dr. Cushman goes on to show, is essentially self-destructive. In the form of Christian Science, denying the reality of disease and of sin, but lacking the supreme mystical ideal as a counterpoise, "it is theoretical moral anarchism," and inimical to the structure of society. As to its works of healing, Dr. Cushman finds that it "cures some diseases," but that hypnotists make much more perfect use of the principle involved, which is that of mental suggestion.

Uncle Jed's Country Letters. By Hilda Brenton. Illustrated. Henry A. Dickerman & Son, Boston. 4¾×7¼ in. 73 pages.

Waverley. By Sir Walter Scott. Condensed and Edited by Archibald L. Boulton, M.A. (Standard Literature Series.) University Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 223 pages. 50c.

When Bards Sing Out of Tune. By A. Clark. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×7¾ in. 67 pages. 50c.

William McKinley. Memorial Address by John Hay. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 27 pages. 28c., net. (Postage, 4c.)

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Correspondence

Illegal Fencing by Cattlemen

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your comments under the head of the Beef Trust Prosecution in your issue of May 10 give so false and unfair an impression to the reading public in regard to many of the cattle companies at present carrying on an honorable and legitimate business in the West that I, the manager of one of them, am writing to ask you to publish a few lines in their defense. It is not true, as stated there, that the great companies have established their power by unfair and illegal means, chief among which is the fencing of public lands. The great companies established their power by carrying capital into the arid lands, by introducing improved methods of stock-raising, and by buying up water-holes, leaving those water-holes for the most part open on the range for every one.

I am sure that The Outlook does not sympathize with the new fashion of supposing it impossible that any business can be carried on fairly and honestly by a company or corporation simply because it represents combined capital.

To quote from the statement referred to, "For years, as is widely known, grazing on the public lands in the Far West has been practically in the hands of great cattle companies employing large forces of cowboys. These companies, Secretary Hitchcock has found, have illegally fenced in large areas, claiming that it was necessary for the protection of their herds. This claim is, of course, disputed by the small herdsmen and settlers, who are 'fenced out' by the illegal wires, and the Administration has taken the ground that the rights of these settlers are to be protected, and the law against the fencing in of the public domain to be enforced immediately and absolutely." As a matter of fact, it is not the case that the largest part of the cattle-raising business in the West is in the hands of large companies, nor is it true that all or even most of the illegal fencing of the public domain can fairly be put down to them. There are fewer large cattle companies operating in the States with open lands now than there were some years ago, while, on the other hand, there are vastly more small cattlemen and settlers with herds of from fifty to one thousand head. These latter are raising by far the largest proportion of the stock in the Western States to-day. Unfortunately, within the last year or two many of the small settlers have sold everything and put their money into barbed wire and fence-posts, fencing in large tracts of Government land in hope of leasing what they do not possess.

There are unquestionably a few of the companies also doing the same thing, but the principal offenders are to be found among the small men. I am glad to learn that Secretary Hitchcock is interesting himself in this question. I hope he will enforce the law against the companies who are violating it, and also, while he is doing this, that he will see that the small settler is not allowed to evade the law of his country any more than his bigger neighbor. I know companies that are doing a fair and legitimate business, who have been trying for months, without avail, to get protection from settlers who have fenced large sections of the public land and are holding such without interference from the authorities. These companies and their law-abiding small neighbors lose immensely by this infringement of the law, but they have so far been unable to obtain any redressive action. They court investigation by Secretary Hitchcock and the Administration.

One word about the other oppressive measures meted out to the "fenced-out" stockman by his incorporated neighbor, implied also in your statement. The honest company is the honest stockman's friend, and they are usually on the best of terms. The companies' cowboys bring back the small man's cattle and horses that have strayed from their pastures or their home range. The company spares neither time nor expense in prosecuting cattle thieves and ridding the country of that shifting element that subsists upon stolen beef; and, lastly, the company offers employment and good wages to the

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small settler when he can take time from his own business. I. C. I.

A Friendly Act

To the Editors of The Outlook:

American visitors to St. Margaret's, Westminster, London, will remember that one of the best pews in the church, immediately behind those reserved for the House of Commons, is a pew with the American flag under a glass cover. The pew bears a plate marked, "Reserved for the American visitors." The trustees and leading men in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, under the leadership of Mr. Elijah R. Kennedy, have raised a fund for five years to set apart the best pew in Plymouth Church, immediately behind the old Henry Ward Beecher pew. An English flag has been placed under glass, and a plate bears the inscription, "Reserved for English visitors." Not a Sunday passes without one or more Englishmen visiting the church, and their presence finally has led to this action. The enthusiasm of the strongest men of Plymouth Church for England has always been one of the striking characteristics of that congregation.

On the first Sunday in May 114 new members were received into the church, 80 of whom were upon profession of faith. This makes about 160 who have been received since last November.

W. P. H.

Forestry at Berea

In a recent article in The Outlook on "The Study of Forestry in the United States" no mention was made of the forestry work carried on at Berea College. The situation of this college in Kentucky makes it possible for excellent work of this kind to be done in that institution, and, in point of fact, over a thousand acres have been acquired as a forestry domain. An interesting account of the courses in forestry at Berea was recently given by Professor S. C. Mason (who holds the chair of Horticulture and Forestry) in the periodical called "Forestry and Irrigation." The department offers three terms' work in forestry in the college course, a term's elementary work in the applied science, and a winter course of familiar talks with lectures to the preparatory students. Class-room introduction is combined with field observation and frequent practice.

For the Children

The children of Henry Street, in New York, need a helping hand from the children of Madison Avenue and uptown, and their parents. The city has given, for the use of the little ones in the "Jacob A. Riis House," Twin Island, in Pelham Bay Park, with the beautiful big house upon it rent free. There is no lovelier spot anywhere near New York. We have room enough to keep a small brigade of children in squads of twenty-five or thirty or more when we can raise the money, all through the summer, till the schools open again in the fall. The mothers can stay with them, too, and it is near enough to the tenements for the fathers to join their families on Sundays for a romp under the trees and along shore. We have raised the necessary money for such plain furnishing as the house needs, but to give forty-five children at one time summer vacations of two weeks or more will require an outlay of $1,500 for the season. We ask this money of those who have it to give, knowing that we will get it as soon as they understand. We want money for several other things, for the men's club for which our basement stands waiting, and to enable us to keep the house open all Sunday for the use of the men who now have only the saloon. But we need money for our Fresh-Air Home most, and right away.

We want a horse and a wagon, too, to haul the children and our supplies from Bartow station to the Island. Come out and see what a jolly long ride it is over hills and fields and through the woods by the water-side, for the little ones who have never known anything but the stifling crowds of a tenement street in July.

Will some one please send us the rig? We will give notice as soon as we have got it, for though there is a big barn on the premises, we don't want a livery stable. The last time we appealed for a baby-carriage so many came that we were in serious trouble for house-room for a while.

And while you are moving your household goods away for the summer, please send that upright piano, that has yet lots of good music in it, down to 48 Henry Street. The one we have there is a square, and takes up a great deal of much-needed room. If some one would give us an upright one for use in Henry Street, the

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"square" would be just the thing for the Twin Island House, and for the good times without end we are going to have up there in summer.

That is not all the use we are going to make of our holiday house. We have plans for excursions in nutting time, and when the snow flies, that will make the hills ring and give our horse enough to do to keep him from getting fat and lazy. But that is another story and will come later. Just now, please, send us the money for our summer outings, and let it come right along. Schools close in a month, and we have plenty who need the shelter of the oaks and the salt water more than they do school just now.

JENNIE DEWEY HEATH, Pres.
CLARA FIELD, Treas.
The Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood Settlement.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Is Deception ever Justifiable? In a notice of Speer's "Principles of Jesus" The Outlook suggests an interesting question as to one of the moral antinomies. The physician, the reviewer says, may properly deceive a patient to save his life, and we may not call this a "lie," which ugly word is to be reserved for "culpable" (let us rather say, to avoid begging the question, "malicious") deception. "When, in rare cases, deception is required by the law of love, it is not only not culpable, but is a positive duty." One might raise here the difficulty that the action would tend to be self-defeating, for once the principle were established and recognized, what sick person, with any reasoning left, would fail to see that he could not trust physician or dearest friend? We might also ask if it were not better, would not show a sublimer faith and the courage of our (alleged) convictions, always to speak the truth and leave the results with God? And is it not one of the worst counts in the indictment against war that it necessitates, and so claims to justify, deception? But who shall insure that the cases for justifiable deception shall be "rare," even if that really affected the principle of the matter? If I may deceive a friend to save his life, why not also to cure his headache, why not to save him from any inconvenience? Why hesitate at any act where the purpose is good? Why not boldly and frankly "do evil that good may come"? And it cannot be denied—and it is a very grave difficulty to the present writer—that the maxim seems to find very solid support in nature—the mimicries of both the animal and the vegetable worlds. Who taught the mother bird to go lame in order to withdraw attention from her brood? Who taught the insect to look like a leaf or a dried stem in order to escape its enemies? If we are theists, there is but one answer—God, no matter whether by a touch or through a long evolutionary process. But now comes the antinomy that over against this seeming teaching of nature, over against the seeming argument of love and expediency, we have deep within us the ideal of absolute truthfulness, which "desireth truth in the inward parts," and which clings to the belief that God is true, though every man a liar. What can you say of this antinomy? H. D. C.

The above inquiry, "Is deception ever *justifiable?*" raises another issue than that made in the quotation from The Outlook. It is a misleading issue, and points the wrong way, opening into all sorts of delusion and shifty excuses. The only proper issue is that which The Outlook raised: Is deception ever a *duty?* That is the burden laid on conscience by many a case, and there is but one way to deal with it. "Follow conscience," said Bushnell, "if it carries you down Niagara." The duty of truthfulness is not to "the truth" as such, but to persons; it is a social obligation; "for we are members one of another." If a sick man would rather be deceived than die (as may be assumed), he ought to be deceived. Deception may be dangerous; so is strychnine; not a drop too much is right, only the drop that the law of love requires to save what conscience bids to save. The Creator's work in the deceptive mimicry of nature, which our correspondent refers to, unmistakably points to this conclusion. The regret which a healthy conscience feels that deception is the only thing that will save what conscience bids to save must not be construed into a protest of conscience against violation of "the truth"—an illusory phrase. In such cases the only question is as to our neighbor's right to the truth. This, and no such abstraction as "the truth," is the proper object of a conscientious concern, which cannot consent to "leave results with God" by shirking personal responsibility for rendering to every man his due.

"W. K. S." has a query in The Outlook of May 3 about a "passage" which Mark Hopkins wrote and which "W. K. S." cannot find in Whately! "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte" is a book of seventy-five pages, published by James Munroe & Co., 1853; the "Fourth American from the Eleventh London Edition." Mark Hopkins evidently refers to this book, not to any "passage" in Whately's writings. L. D.

This was what Dr. Hopkins wrote: "The objections brought by Archbishop Whately against the existence and general history of Napoleon Bonaparte." The Outlook answered the inquiry by stating that Whately published these objections ironically in an anonymous pamphlet. Probably this can now be found only in libraries or shops for old books. The publishers mentioned by "L. D." went out of business nearly forty years since.

1. Is the Greek Church older than the Roman?
2. What is the date of their separation?
L. M. M. C.

1. The beginning of Greek Christianity in the Apostolic age was slightly earlier than that of Roman. 2. June 10, A.D. 1054, when the excommunication of the Greek Patriarch by Pope Leo IX. was delivered at Constantinople. This was immediately retorted by the Patriarch against the Pope. The ground of this separation was the refusal of the Greek Church to accept the Roman addition of the word *filioque* to the creed. In the English version this appears in the words "and the Son," following the statement that the Holy Ghost "proceedeth from the Father."

"The Archer" was written by Meredith Nicholson, and published in the Indianapolis "News" immediately after the death of Maurice Thompson, which occurred February 15, 1901. C. A. T.

Can any one tell me who wrote "Live and Let Live"—which one of our early women writers?
M. E. J.

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